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Notes of the Week

IT seems to be a qualification of Presidents of the National Liberal Federation as justifying their selection that they should become didactic bores. Dr. Watson, the author of the Newcastle Programme, which smashed the Liberal Party of his day, took himself in many columns quite seriously. Sir John Brunner, who has the fortune or misfortune to fill the same office at present, regardless of his foreign origin and his record in Parliament during the South African War, has issued a document which the *Daily News* dignifies as a manifesto on English foreign policy. As would be expected of the former member for the Northwich Division of Cheshire, the manifesto, expanded into a column, exhibits Sir John's ardent desire to hold the candle to everybody in order that war may be avoided. War is such a nasty thing, not because lives are sacrificed and homes are desolated, but because the alkaline trade does not get along nearly as well as in ordinary times. Sir John likes France, but he wishes to carry on a scarcely decorous flirtation with Germany. "Armaments and war spell poverty and ruin." A most excellent copy-book line. We endorse the sentiment absolutely. If everyone in the world agreed with Sir John Brunner and ourselves, the millennium would not be far off. As matters stand, most people think the Armageddon is nearer than the millennium. If that view is correct, Sir John's platitudes will be less useful than armaments to conserve his interests at Northwich.

The details of the attempt on Mr. Roosevelt's life, which come to hand as we go to press, seem to prove

once more that the ex-President has the energy of ten ordinary human beings. To suffer a four-inch bullet-wound in the chest, to joke about it, and forthwith to speak for an hour and three-quarters at a big meeting argues considerable powers of physical resistance, to say nothing of the determination of mind behind it. What proportion of Mr. Roosevelt's exposure of his chest to the crowd and his declaration that "it takes more than that to kill the Bull Moose"—we can imagine the ecstatic cheers—is due to enthusiasm and to his fine sense of dramatic effect, and how much of it is due to what might be termed "swank," we are unable to say; at any rate, he is a brave man, and we can well believe that this incident which might have meant tragedy will lift him higher than ever in the opinion of his supporters. He is now forbidden to talk for about ten days; with no disrespect to Mr. Roosevelt, may we suggest that this, for him, unique period of silence and seclusion will be the most terrible aspect of the affair?

It had seemed to us that nothing orthographical could affect us with a more delicate mixture of interest and amusement than the publications of the "Simplified Speling Soesieti," but from the happy township of Marietta, Ohio, U.S.A., comes the first number of a tiny monthly sheet, modestly called *World-Speech*. The editor of Marietta's oracle works on an entirely new system. Taking the vowels, all pronouns will begin with *a*, all verbs with *e*, prepositions with *i*, conjunctions with *o* and *u*; and it is comforting to note that "these lists can, of course, be extended as needed, or by mutual agreement," the editor apparently being able to supply extra vowels if required. When we come to consonants, things begin to get lively—in Marietta; thus, "when the *e* of the initial syllable denotes the adjectiv or participle, an *i* in the second syllable denotes the activ or transitive participle, and an *o* the passiv participle." It will be noticed that there is a hectic flush of "Nu Speling" on the editor's cheek. An example of the awful results of "World-Speech" may interest our readers. "Ac el wi?"—How are you? "Ec retic id ab."—Speak to me. "Ab em revib id ac."—I will write to you. "Bo" means "person," and "ha" means "relationship," and "ax" means "each other." Evidently a harmless "ha-ha" might lead to complications; and nothing shall induce us to address any person as "bo"—it is so undignified. Thrice fortunate Marietta, abounding in ideals, with the eyes of the world upon her!

A quite delightful article in this week's issue of *Public Opinion*, entitled "The Importance of Being Narrow-Minded," is by Professor T. M. Kettle, of University College, Dublin, whose contribution to the series of articles in THE ACADEMY on the National Insurance Bill will be remembered. In praising the art of looking at affairs sanely, of keeping cool even though we can merely "dip a liqueur-glass from the ocean" of life, Professor Kettle writes with a healthy common-sense and a fund of humour which rarely run so pleasantly in harness together.

Love in the Hills

OUT of Loubaix to Charleroi
 The way is through the wood;
 The wind blows through the yellow corn,
 A clean hill-wind and good.

Out of Loubaix to Charleroi
 The railroads wind and wind
 Between the pine-woods and the rocks,
 And Barrin bright behind.

The scarlet of the corn-poppies
 Splashes the yellow field;
 The broad white sunshine of the South
 Shines on the glowing weald.

The old stone castles on the hills
 Look out with blinded eyes,
 They have no more besiegers now
 Save the white butterflies.

A green land, a grey land,
 A golden land and sweet,
 Where Love sits by the wayside pools
 Dabbling his naked feet.

ETHEL TALBOT SCHEFFAUER.

Earth Dreams

NOW creeps from out the Orient's cloistral halls
 The stealthy dusk, and Hesper, argus-eyed,
 Preludes his nightly vigil, while the tide
 Of darkling silence floods the unguarded walls
 Where the swart hill in sleepy languor sprawls;
 And the hush'd woods their piléd gloom divide
 There where the runlet's glimmering waters glide,
 As from on high the splendid Hunter calls.

Then from her weary shoulders shakes the Earth
 Their weight of sordid years, and dreams again
 Her golden youth: the glades with ghostly hymns
 Of long-dead Pan reëcho, and the mirth
 Of sportive dryads, till her heart is fain
 To see Tithonia stretch her rosy limbs.

PHIL. J. FISHER.

Antoninus

"THE reign of Antoninus is marked by the rare advantage of furnishing very few materials for history, which is indeed little more than the register of the crimes, follies, and misfortunes of mankind." So Gibbon.

Since 1878—the Congress of Berlin—the petty potentates of South-Eastern Europe have been able to enjoy life as usual, notwithstanding the grievous oppression of their brethren in Macedonia. Suddenly that "little spark of celestial fire—conscience" got well alight, and the hose of the Great Powers, directed by some of them in an irrelevant quarter, was quite inadequate to quell their heroic ardour.

Fired by the spectacle of Italian prowess in Tripoli, they burned to emulate Homeric exploits, and various kinds of weapons were brandished in their native fastnesses. All went merry as a marriage bell, until the sinister rumour was noised abroad that Italy and Turkey were about to conclude peace. This was not all-right. Here were they gesticulating on behalf of oppressed Christendom, and a Christian nation goes out of its way to render matters comparatively easy for the Turks by closing a diversion and leaving the wicked Mohammedan a free hand to defend his birth-right. Clearly gesticulation should now be limited. After all, the voice of the Powers was not devoid of sense and reason. Perhaps "no ultimatum will be necessary."

Montenegro—the *enfant terrible* of the doughty confederation—however, must needs break away, and with more courage than discretion attack the formidable antagonist, whose misdeeds were just beginning to be more indulgently viewed by their more prudent neighbours. The Wagnerian Concert of Europe as always produced all sorts of weird sounds, and began to fear that their own precious skins might be in danger, also that their plans for filching something—without risk—from the unbeliever might disastrously fall through. They might conceivably have to cut each other's throats instead of enjoying the absorbing spectacle of that operation performed on others from the auditorium, and, when the time was ripe, wresting the spoils from the lacerated and exhausted combatants.

Is it impossible to enter a plea for tolerance? Are the fires of Smithfield again to burn, but if it can be so arranged to burn Mohammedans instead of Christians, who not infrequently loathe each other in a superior degree? Is not the Mohammedan a man and a brother? Is he not far more devout than many who in a religious census would be classed as Christians? His methods of Government may, as is the case in many other parts of the world, leave much to be desired. But surely he has progressed, and by so doing has proved that he is not outside the pale.

Why at this stage—the Cross against the Crescent? Those who are acquainted with Gibbon's bitter satire in his chapters on the Crusades, will not have much sympathy with the modern Crusaders, who suffer no privations, who are not animated by enthusiasm, but who, as a Stock Exchange gamble, try to rig the market in their own interest. It is a horrible and sickening reflection that such deeds are done under the cloak of religion combined with a Pecksniffian desire that the local methods of Camberwell should reign supreme in the historic remains of the Byzantine Empire.

These views we know will be abhorrent in the lobby of the House of Commons and in Whitefield's Tabernacle, which has a monopoly of righteousness. We know we are the only organ in the press which disdains to speak "with bated breath and whispering 'umble-ness," and which stands up for the right, whether the cause be Mussulman or Christian. CECIL COWPER.

On Lucidity in Prose

By H. BELLOC.

LUCIDITY is the chief character of prose. Men write when they cannot speak. Men speak to be understood.

Because lucidity is the chief character of prose its perfection also is the hardest thing for a writer in prose to achieve. This is true of every art—though its object be clear, the direct path to that object is exceedingly difficult of achievement. But in the case of prose it always sounds something of a paradox to say that its perfection is hard to achieve. If lucidity is the main character of prose what difficulty can there be in attaining lucidity? The reason people think lucidity easy to attain is that we all conceive direct speech as native to man. Everybody can say what he wants to say.

Now this is true of things in which we are in an exact relation with our audience. Thus, if a man, all his life a breeder of pigs, went to the pig market where he had sold pigs all his life and said, "Here I have a pig to sell," no one would misunderstand him. But men are wanderers into many markets, and the man with a pig to sell is sometimes among those who have never heard of pigs. It so happens that every man in his heart thinks of his audience as a part of himself. He cannot but believe that they have that in common with him which will make any expression of his quite clear to them so long as it is clear to himself. Every man thinks of himself as a well-known seller in his own market. Upon this illusion men build the misconception that lucidity in prose is an easy thing.

A German once said, very wisely—though a little picturesquely—that by a sort of gravity our thoughts fell easily on to the paper and, against that gravity, rose with difficulty from the paper to the minds of our readers. To put it in a simpler and less German way, we can easily tell *ourselves* things that we understand, but it is less easy to tell our readers those things in terms which *they* shall understand. All prose is made up of a sort of tiny translations from mind to mind, and only when the translations are very good have you lucidity.

Now the first requisite of this lucidity which is the test of prose is that the writer should intend to be clear. If for any reason he does not intend to be clear there is an end of it. Something may be said for the determination to be obscure, or the letting in to one's prose, however reluctantly, of obscurity—with this I shall deal in a moment—but, anyhow, no one can be lucid unless he wants to be lucid, though millions can be obscure without wishing to be obscure.

To be lucid in prose a man must have a sort of passion for those to whom he addresses what he writes, otherwise, without knowing it, he will write for himself alone. He must have a sort of violence when he pictures his audience in the vividness of his picture; and to be able to conjure that picture up is a very rare gift. Men who have been really lucid in their prose have either known some one audience so well that they had no effort in talk-

ing to it, or had so acute a human sympathy that they could pierce into the vital part of any audience which they attacked. Do you not see now how difficult it is to be lucid in prose? In speech you see your audience with the eye—but for prose you must have a vision.

Some people will say that because prose should be lucid it will not admit of ornament. They are altogether wrong. Ornament is essentially necessary to lucidity where that which has to be lucidly conveyed is lovely. A man describing for a general audience something which has given him particular pleasure through the eye or through any other sense, will not achieve his object without ornament. Fools talk as though the restriction of language were not an ornament. It is an ornament like any other. When you read in the Gospels those words, "He answered him never a word," the restriction there displayed is an ornament. Had the translator written, "Nothing appears to have been said in reply to the questions addressed to the prisoner by the magistrate," a very different truth would have been told. In other words, ornament is as much a part of lucidity as is gesture a part of personality. But ornament when it is used to confuse the reader is vile, like a grotesque gesture used to confound or merely to amuse an onlooker. Prose should never be a play-actor; but it has a perfect right to be, or, rather, it is under a necessity to be, in turns a soldier, a merchant, a plain dealer, a surgeon, or a friend. It should always help.

Now then, if lucidity is the just character of prose, does this mean that we must condemn all writing—not verse—which we find to be obscure?

By no means. A man's writing may be obscure in two ways, undesigned or designed.

A man's writing may be undesignedly obscure in two ways again: either he is writing of something which cannot be put quite clearly to men, but only sketched or suggested to them; or, though possessed of much to say, he is not possessed of the medium through which to say it.

A man explaining to the blind what colour was would be an obscure writer of prose. Yet his effort would be laudable. His prose was worth writing, and would be so judged both by those who desired instruction for the blind—however difficult—and by such of the blind as had the sense to know he was a prophet. Only of this sort of obscurity in prose it ought to be very clearly laid down that the author should at least try to be as clear as he possibly can. The great victims of this kind of obscurity are the prophet, the mystic, the visionary, and so forth. It is not true that their only vehicle is poetry; they have something to say, and it must be said. They cannot in the nature of things say it clearly; but the fundamentals of what they have to say should be said as clearly as is possible.

The second way in which a man will be undesignedly obscure consists in this: that, having much to say, he has an imperfect control of his instrument.

Some tell us that if a man has only an imperfect control of the instrument of expression he should not try to express himself at all. But this is nonsense. Man after

man has discovered something of use to his fellow-men without any good knowledge of how to put forward that discovery. Are we to lose the gold because the man carries an awkward bag, or even a leaky one? Are we to go without bread because the wagons of a harvest are cumbersome, or even spill some of the wheat?

What is indeed important with both these undesigned kinds of obscurity is that the obscurity itself should not be confounded with the good stuff which is brought us by the obscure writer.

We must not imagine that, because some subject is too cloudy to be dealt with directly, therefore the obscurity of the style has some virtue in it; nor must we consider that, because a man does not quite know how to convey some valuable discovery of his, the value lies in his inability to talk. It lies really, of course, in his ability to discover.

Now as to designed obscurity: upon this a very clear and immediate verdict can be rendered. All deliberate obscurity is inimical to prose.

Does this mean that we should never have in any kind of writing deliberate obscurity? I think not.

There is a condition under which obscurity is permitted to writers even though they be not writers of formal verse. When the object of a writer is ritual, a deliberate fencing off of the profane, the establishment of barriers and of a pass-word, as it were, he may be obscure; just as a religion may use a dead language. But let him not imagine that he is writing *prose*. What he is writing is a form not of prose, but of rhetoric. He is appealing to human emotions of appetite and not of decision. He is engaged in a sort of singing, not in speaking. And let him take all the care in the world that what he does, being useless except in the service of some just exaltation, is entirely directed to the excitement of emotion and does not pretend to conceal any information.

Thus a good schoolmaster of mine used to quote as distinguishing certain sectaries this text: "*They shall file and flee into the valley of Beth-Ramon, where the lion roareth and the flap-doodle mourneth the loss of her first-born.*" This is not prose, but rhetoric, leading worshippers on as though to the sound of a sacred dance. It is not reasonable: it is not lucid: and it is not prose.

A Gaelic Play

"THEY do be saying the horses in these parts are wanting the whip rising and falling on them all times." So an old man philosophically had informed me when I had asked him the way, and complained of the lack of energy in the mare I rode. Probably it was that my arm had not acquired the necessary automatic action, but also, I am convinced, of a certain great age in the mare that my unfamiliar eye had not perceived, but my ride among the great hills at the fall of evening became more of a patient amble and less of a stirring canter than I had hoped for. Yet, as it fell about, this, too, had its value in the occasion.

The news had come to me that at a monastery in the upper part of the island that night a play was to be acted by the Gaelic League in Irish; and I had, happily for myself, determined that I should arrive full early for it. So as the mare could not be induced to more than its determined amble, and as there was no fear of my overshooting the hour fixed for the play, in the unlikely chance of its being punctual, I turned about to notice the hills and bogs between which the road wound itself like a pale ribbon in the slow dusk of a summer's evening. I had long passed the angle from which the Menawn Cliffs could be seen, and the hills that swelled above or behind them rose and fell on my right. Sleive More, like a giant Druid brooding over the island, receded into a more remote majesty behind me on my left. Up through the long valley in which the road lay could be seen, one above another, standing in a mighty conclave for the coming night's communion, the far hills of Mayo.

The dusk was slow, very slow, in falling. It could not have been much dimmer when I arrived than when I began; so the change could not have come from without. But the hills seemed gradually wrapped in a stranger darkness, and the voice, as I left it behind me, seemed like the remembered echo of some dream moving through the mind. The wandering, detached voice, the swell and surge of the hills near and far, the blue mystery of the falling heavens, the unaltering iteration of the mare's steady amble over the stony road, all seemed part of one eternal rhythm that drew all things into itself.

So that when a young lad led away the mare, and I saw a brother in Franciscan orders advancing to greet me, it seemed no stranger than that there should be a Myself for him to meet. The room for the play was already filling, he told me, but it was not likely that the play itself would begin at the present time. Illuminated by two lamps that had not yet begun to burn well, it seemed full of shadows, where dark figures and white faces moved. At the far end of the room two blankets, as they seemed, were hung from the roof, and pinned together, so roughly that it was not at all difficult to peer through and discover the preparations for the coming play. In the meantime I began a careless distant conversation with the man beside me. It was little likely my scraps of Irish would lend me much help during the course of the play, and I determined to call upon his frequent assistance.

When at last the blankets were drawn aside and draped, each of them, about a prompter, the scene they framed lacked nothing in simplicity. On a canvas at the back a cottage hearth was sketched in charcoal; while the canvases on each side stood for walls, in one of which a window appeared and in the other a door. A chair, a table and a bottle of poteen completed the requirements; and on these the actors soon set the action afloat. Two men, discussing volubly, entered. Their voluble discussion included two women who were already there; and when they passed out again their volubility could be heard without abatement behind the door.

While the women took up the discussion my prompter informed me that the two men were adjusting the marriage bargain for the younger of the two women, one of them being her father and the other the father of the prospective husband. So that when a young man lifted the canvas flap and put his head through the window it was not difficult to divine who he was, and how complications were to arise in the hard bargain that the old man was driving behind the door. All swung upon the mother, however, and it was to her the lovers turned for assistance.

"She's won; she'll surely be helping them now," whispered my instructor to me, thawed out of his reserve by the excitement of the moment. And when the men returned, their bargain driven, there was a subtle and delicate moment as the mother approached them to discover what the terms were that had been made. Peadar O'Giorbalain, the father of the decreed groom, Peadar Og, it appeared now, was a poteen maker; and with great glee I was informed that the mother was suggesting he should add his old still to the bargain. This her husband, keen for advantage, endorses; and it falls to her to stir the rumbling storm into a tempest, until at length Peadar Sean, in an exciting moment of the play, is dismissed the house, and Diarmuid—still at the window—is assured of his love.

There clearly wanted something at this juncture to avoid a merely trite conclusion; and I looked to see from which quarter this should come, if at all, when in there rushed a boy—a lad from the monastery school, indeed—who, rocking wonderfully with laughter meanwhile, announced that the constabulary had just seized Peadar O'Giorbalain's still, and were busy seeking its owner. It was a complete set-off to the course of the action: the completer for its vivid rendering by the lad Seaghainin MacThomas, whose abandon, seeing he was watched by all the school of which he was a member, was superb.

Despite all the crudeness, even the grotesqueness, of the stage property, the company in their name, "Na Geabhai Fiadhaine" (The Wild Geese) did much to clear the reputation of a much-maligned bird. Inasmuch as the audience helped the action at critical moments by happy advice to the characters, they realised the old lively principle of drama, and became identified with the action—considerably to its interest and excitement.

Then as I went out into the night the stars were clear in heaven, and the great communion of the mountains rose up in heavy masses against the glimmer of the sky. A pale road stretched before me; but was soon lost in the darkness of the Bog. The quiet whisper of old Earth, that may only be heard when her querulous children are at rest from their turmoil, floated over the hills and bog in gentle undulating waves, deadening the clatter of the mare's hoofs as she sprang into unaccustomed speed, knowing home ahead. Peace had sunk on the face of the earth, and Being was awake in power and majesty, while Love and the giving of marriage, stage-plays and scenery, fell back as interruptions of a ceaseless and eternal rhythm. DARRELL FIGGIS.

REVIEWS

A Great Master of Art

Hercules Brabazon Brabazon. By C. LEWIS HIND. Illustrated. (George Allen and Co. 21s. net.)

THIS handsome volume is the noblest service rendered to the genius of one of the greatest of colourists whom the art of painting has bred; and Mr. Hind deserves the gratitude of all art-lovers for the service, as do the publishers for the rich array of masterpieces in colour reproduced therein. That Mr. Hind has built and set up for us in immortal fashion the man and his entity as artist, it would be impossible to affirm; but his portrait is as near a picture as we are likely to get. The biographer has had to rely on letters and on the witness of relatives and intimates who were little likely to gossip of the weaknesses and secrets of the artist, even if he had had any; the British habit is to be cautious in opinion of a dead friend, even if he be a saint—and Brabazon came as near to the sweet and gentle character of a saint as it is well-nigh possible for a human being to be. He was also a poet. His song is of the glory of the world; and he sang it as the birds sing, from sheer joy in the singing.

Yet, one wonders whether even Mr. Hind fully sensed the wide range of this man's exquisite genius! There are times when Mr. Hind rids himself of book-read opinions so completely as to reveal himself alone; and it is at such times that he displays a capacity for the utterance of an exquisite mind. I know no man so innately uncritical at heart as Hind—he is essentially an artist. He has, 'tis true, "wobbled" in his definitions of art so ruthlessly that one sees him now defining art as love in this volume without surprise. But I would ask Mr. Hind, as I would ask criticism at large, why not try to grasp first the basic intention of art, and be glad to think of its majesty and its immensity instead of binding it to a lesser thing? Why try even to narrow down art as being love when he must surely have realised by this time that it is also hate and passionate resentment and every other human emotion besides? Art has flung tyrants from their thrones, rogues into the gutters, hypocrites on to the dunghill of men's contempt, and these are not acts of love—or Daumier and the great satirists laboured in vain as artists!

Now Mr. Hind must know all this. All that is of the slightest value in his writing on the art of Brabazon is that he shall transfer to us the impression aroused in his senses by the wizardry of Brabazon's art. Why, then, quote and accept without examination the opinions of such as Mr. MacColl and Sir Frederick Wedmore? That Mr. MacColl wrote smartly and made the art of Brabazon the peg for sneers at lesser men proves no deep sensing by the critic of Brabazon's genius; and I look in vain in his criticism for any deep appreciation of Brabazon's art, whilst I find him the slave to innumerable fallacies as to the significance of art. But of all

the strange paradoxes and confusions surely the approval of Brabazon by Ruskin, who could not sense the art of Whistler, is the most amazing! As a matter of fact, in the case of Brabazon, as in the case of Turner, he probably approved their art by happy good fortune, and for literary reasons wholly removed from their real significance!

To begin with, Turner and Brabazon were both concerned with landscape—and landscape as a rule is in the realm of beauty. The beauty-fallacy, therefore, happens to cover the achievement of both men. Again Brabazon, though lacking the vast range and eagle flight and, therefore, the wide achievement of Turner, was an astounding craftsman; and criticism, which always confounds craftsmanship with art, again found in Brabazon a genius that it could admit into its parochial concept. So, by chance, we find criticism, for absolutely fallacious reasons, crowning heroes that were worthy of the bays! Just as he who shies often enough at the cocoanut brings down the nut.

And, of a truth, if any man could justify the fallacy that art is love, Brabazon would justify it. If any man could justify the falsity that art is beauty, Brabazon would justify it. Aristocrat, leisured, protected from all those sordid struggles for means of livelihood that afflict many men of genius and make of their wayfaring one long tragedy of endurance, he lived a sheltered, sumptuous career. His joyous, simple nature, sunning itself in the genial atmosphere of wealth and rank and fashion, free from all household cares and bickerings, was nourished by the love and affection of all about him. Rid of all need for effort to gain social recognition, he was untroubled by those constant little skirmishes for place that often afflict the man who is gifted above his fellows. Though a younger son, he came early to large estate. He evaded the onerous duties that go with such fortune, and seized the freedom that fortune brings with it. He handed the duties and cares of his estate to the charge of his brother-in-law, who served him with the devotion that Brabazon ever won from all his kin; and gave his whole life to the pursuit of the arts. Other artists have done the same; but the fact that they left the business of their inns or other possessions to their wives or kin seems to have been too vulgar an affair to induce the critics to call them amateurs—whatever they may mean by amateur! Mr. MacColl even gives us the fatuous definition that art is "a form of sport"! If Brabazon were an "amateur," then it is difficult to discover what is an "artist." A man is an artist or he is not. Brabazon went through as severe a training to his craft as it were well possible to imagine. The flatulent talk about his being an amateur seems to rest on some such idea as that he had not to sell his work in order to live! If an artist be an amateur in the measure of his giving, then Turner was immeasurably the greater amateur of the twain. Artists have created masterpieces mightier than the works of Brabazon who have had to sell them for the means to live. Hals and Rembrandt and Millet had to go empty

that they might utter their genius; but are they the lesser or greater thereby?

Turner revealed to the world a vast increase in the vision of man, created also a vaster instrument of craftsmanship whereby to utter that vision. Setting up as standards for his own achievement the Great Dead, he essayed to rival each master in his own field—and mastered each. Then, his training done, he embarked on the uncharted sea of colour-orchestration, and essayed to utter the vast moods of nature in impressions wrought in terms of colour that should arouse those impressions in our senses by sheer music of colour harmonies. Each mood—from dawn to night, from mountain to sea, from summer to winter—Turner essayed to express in colour harmonies. Mere craftsmanship as an aim in itself, mere photographic reproduction of nature, he flung to the groundlings, and walked instead in the splendid realm of the imagination. No painter before him had dreamed of such a conquest. Yet that revelation and the achievement that resulted from it are dubbed the Decline of Turner by the critics! It so happened that the academic reaction of the Pre-Raphaelites failed in the intention of its initiator, and succeeded, oddly enough, in its instinctive rightness of vision in essaying to utter sunlight with broken colour. Meantime the forward impetus to art given by Turner crossed the Channel to France and brought forth Monet and the so-called Impressionist School of the 'seventies—in a France prepared for Turner by the genius of Constable. In England the revelation looked like passing, but in Brabazon it was destined to be carried on. Brabazon, 'tis true, had not the vast range of Turner, but his realm was a mighty one; and by hard and dogged effort he came to fulfil the conquest of it in a series of colour lyrics which are amongst the masterpieces of the age. Snatching the mood from Nature that tripped by, he so schooled his hand's skill that he set it down with quick certainty; and having uttered it so far as it was complete, he touched it no more, nor added one needless stroke to it. To push the impression further than Brabazon and Turner thrust it is futile. The mere labouring of a mood avails it nothing. Both men by instinct realised that they were concerned with the mood of the thing seen, not with its mere reconstitution.

Beautiful as are the reproductions in this handsome volume they give but a hint of Brabazon's range, either of vision or craftsmanship. But at least they do give a hint of the necessity for the nation to acquire two or three hundred of the masterpieces whilst these are still unscattered. It is thoroughly discreditable to us as a people that the Tate possesses but some half-dozen or so of such works, in which we cannot be too rich. The art of Brabazon is one of the chiefest glories of our age. It is a beacon-light to youth in its artistic schooling. Its splendour and its hymning of the glory of life cannot be under-rated. No price could be too high to secure a large share of it for the nation.

HALDANE MACFALL.

The Appreciation of Poetry

The Making of Poetry: A Critical Study of Its Nature and Value. By ARTHUR H. R. FAIRCHILD, Ph.D., Assistant Professor of English, University of Missouri. (G. P. Putnam's Sons. 5s. net.)

THERE is no secret about the delight of poetry. It is not a mystery revealed to the erudite, or a prize for fine judgment. It is not like buried treasure, or the Ark of the Covenant. The Spirit of Delight is the Spirit of Poetry. Delight is the very first thing poetry offers us. It comes to the ordinary reader of decent mental and spiritual stature, as naturally as light and heat come from the sun. Darwin in his old age lost his taste for poetry, and he deplored it, as a man deplores the loss of his eyesight. Perhaps it is better to lose one's eyesight than one's love of poetry.

The question arises, what if a nation lose its taste? A rigorous course of the Simple Life would seem to be the only remedy; or, to put it in another way, what Nietzsche calls "the transvaluation of all values," so that men shall regain their comparative sense of values, and not for ever esteem husks above pearls, or Gadarene swine above the souls of men. We do not mean to insinuate, nor do we believe, that the American nation has lost its sense of values; it is slowly and painfully acquiring that sense. But there are times when we are tempted to think that the professors of English at American universities believe conversely and consider it their duty to do something for poetry, much as the bishops derided by Matthew Arnold considered it their duty to do something for the Trinity. "Who would divine that their dust came from corn, and from the yellow delight of the summer fields?"

Here is Professor Fairchild offering to "unfold the secret of its delight"; and, with all the goodwill in the world, we cannot believe that any unsophisticated reader will find his own ideas of the way in which poetry comes to be written much clarified.

At the outset the author sets himself four questions to answer: (1) What is the material of which poetry is really made? (2) What are the chief processes, or kinds of activity, involved in the making of it? (3) What, from this point of view, is the real nature of poetry? (4) What is the need, and what is the value of poetry? We ventured to guess the answers before going further. Our answers were: (1) Life. (2) Imagination. (3) "An image of life expressed in its eternal truth." (4) To enable us to see life in its true proportion. Professor Fairchild is more elaborate. His answers may be summarised thus: "(1) The mental image. (2) Personalising, combining of images and versifying. (3) A pleasurable and unified form of self-realisation. (4) A biological necessity. A feeling of unity attained and of continuity of experience emphasised." From this it may be seen that he does not attempt to give an exposition of his subject from the standpoint of the creative artist, but purely from that of the anatomical critic. Poetry, or rather the poet, is stretched upon the table and gradually dismembered. The operation may be beneficial to the scientific type of

mind, but even so we are very far from agreeing with all the surgeon's conclusions.

Rhythm is to poetry what the circulation of the blood is to the body. It is *not*, as is suggested, merely an aid to the grouping of mental images. Again, all true poetry is the expression of some dominant emotion, or some vital conviction, and it is that animating idea, and not "the fringe or clothes, the secondary or associated images, that are of chief value in the making of a poem." That is the idea of the trifler who thinks that poetry can be made by letting his thought wander aimlessly about, catching fancies with less purpose than a child catches butterflies.

Professor Fairchild is on surer ground when he comes to speak of the need and value of poetry, and much that he says is true and salutary; but here we feel that he lays disproportionate stress upon the power of poetry to body forth ideal conceptions. All that the poet feels to be in harmony with life is his subject, and it matters little or nothing whether he feel that harmony with the past, present, or future. The fact that Wordsworth's "Solitary Reaper" is of a reminiscent type does not prevent it from being a poem of the very highest worth.

Finally, we do not appreciate the standpoint which regards poetry as a sort of ideal consolation for the disappointment of actual life. It may be for the type of mind to which "trees, however beautiful, are for lumber and fuel; meadows for cultivation and the fruits of commerce; waterfalls, however magnificent, for power and light"; but, frankly, we doubt if such a mind exists. Timber merchants there are: farmers we know: engineers we recognise, but we do not believe in the existence of the person who could look everywhere and see absolutely nothing in its own glory.

The Playground of Central Europe

The Building of the Alps. By PROFESSOR T. G. BONNEY. Illustrated. (T. Fisher Unwin. 12s. 6d. net.)

IF, as Ruskin says somewhere in "Modern Painters," mountains are the muscles and tendons of the earth's anatomy, then Professor Bonney has very skilfully dissected them, laying bare their structure and expounding the manner of their evolution. Although, after half a century of Alpine climbing, he yields to none in his enthusiasm for this wonderful range, those who are informed with what may best be described, perhaps, as religious horror at sight of the snow-clad peaks will find something a little cold-blooded in his merciless analysis of the schist, hornblend, gneisses, and other material of which such scenery is fashioned; and, indeed, this differentiation between the slaty crystallines of the Chamonix Aiguilles and such coherents as the Col d'Anterne is occupation rather for the geologist. Nevertheless, the author contrives to impart even to this grim aspect of his subject a lively interest that will recall to some the pleasure with which, many years since, they read Tyndall's observations on the Mer de Glace, or some of the less technical contributions to the *Alpine*

Journal. Professor Bonney lacks, in this volume at any rate, the infectious fervour of Tyndall, or the grandiose conception of Ruskin; but he writes of the peaks and valley-slopes, of the genesis and movements of glaciers, or of the fusion of moraines, with the easy knowledge of long intimacy, and it is evident that the elucidation of such problems daunts him as little as the mastery of the peaks themselves.

More than half of this interesting book is taken up with these and kindred matters, and the student of Alpine geology will find in the first nine chapters of the book a detailed and adequately illustrated account of how this magnificent and historic range came into being, and of what it consists in our day. There is, however, much more in the book than this academic discourse on an aspect of the Alps which makes only a qualified appeal to the athletic climber and less serious tourist. In the latter chapters the author, with a lighter style more suitable to his change of standpoint, touches on the weather, natural history, and human interest of the region which, with some little latitude of definition, is popularly known as "the Alps." Storms on the Lake of Geneva, the vagaries of lightning in the high tops, and the remarkable clearness of the atmosphere are matters of close interest to the traveller, and of each Professor Bonney has something to say by way of description and explanation. Then he turns to the rare profusion of Alpine flowers, to which Ruskin paid such touching tribute, and he dispels the widespread illusion that edelweiss can be gathered only at personal risk, an error which, while lending fictitious value to that modest flower, has been the cause of more than one fatality. Of characteristic animals, like the bouquetin and chamois, there are many interesting anecdotes, as well as of encounters between poachers and keepers, and one story of how an English lady effectually smuggled a pair of ibex horns over the Italian frontier by having them strapped under her mule's belly and concealing them with her riding habit, deserves a place of honour in the annals of contraband.

The author overlooks one amusing fact about the bears which at present occupy the famous pit at Berne. These are not, as he implies, natives of the country, but were imported from Russia, or so, at least, a Government official in that city recently informed the present reviewer.

The part which the Alps have played in European travel and warfare is the subject of an entertaining discussion on their relation to man, and in the concluding chapter, in which the Professor summarises some changes of the last fifty years, a frank acknowledgment of improvements is tempered by regret for the less sophisticated conditions of the past. In this view, the author, who is no immoderate *laudator temporis acti*, will command the adherence of all who deprecate the apparently inevitable, and certainly undeniable, vulgarisation of the Alps. The only people interested in the matter at all who lack this æsthetic remorse are the Swiss themselves, to whom, more especially since the latest development of winter sports with a "season" which

practically lasts all the year round, their noble mountains and smiling valleys are alternately a source of wealth. This is why, in critical eyes, the modern Swiss lack the virtues of the apocryphal Tell and appear rather as a *nation boutiquière*.

Professor Bonney regards agriculture as the staple industry of the land, but its importance dwindles to insignificance beside another, on which the more commercial element of this composite nation has bestowed the appropriate title of *Fremden-Industrie*. We can appreciate the sorrow with which, contemplating the more gentle atmosphere of his long and honourable retrospect as an Alpine pioneer, Professor Bonney views a Switzerland in which the American eagle has usurped the places once sacred to the *lammergeier*. We share his emotion, but we see no remedy.

Studies in Rhythm

L'Isochronisme dans le Vers Français. (Bibliothèque de la Faculté des Lettres:—XXX). By PAUL VERRIER. (Félix Alcan, Paris. 2 fr.)

L'Isochronisme en Musique et en Poésie. By PAUL VERRIER. Reprinted from the *Journal de Psychologie*. (Félix Alcan, Paris.)

Hans Sachs and Goethe: A Study in Metre. By MARY CACY BURCHINAL, Ph.D. (Vandenhoe and Ruprecht, Göttingen. 1 mark 80.)

DARK days seem to be in store for poetry: her history contains many revolutions and not a few dictatorships, but hitherto she has not known that tyrannical and immeasurable force that has begun to dominate all human arrangements under the name of "scientific government." From Crecy and Caxton down to Arkwright and Stephenson the fate of mankind has been largely bound up with the development of mechanics; the conquest of the air will no doubt modify society in the manner least expected by the prophets. Literature has always been peculiarly susceptible to mechanical influences; we need only remember the invention of the printing-press and of the telegraph to be at once convinced of this fact. It is not only the material, but also the method of literature that has been thus modified. But the change that seems likely to result from the present activity of poetical anatomists will be unique. In most other revolutions there was more question of the matter than of the manner of literature: even the dictatorship of Boileau was no exception to this. The revolution in contemplation has nothing to do with matter—it is wholly concerned with manner. The headquarters of this, as of many other modern revolutions, is to be found in a laboratory, and its mind in the skull of a public analyst. The fact that we had set ourselves to convey, and have at last arrived at asserting, is that the future of poetry is being forged by the methods and apparatus of the Abbé Rousselot, the king of experimental phoneticians, at least of such of them as are monarchically inclined.

M. Verrier, who has also written on English metres, is a firm believer in Rousselot methods. He is, how-

ever, by no means the first-comer in these fields. His predecessors include M. Robert de Souza, whose brochure, "Du Rythme en Français," has recently been noticed in THE ACADEMY, and M. Landry. Most of the investigators are more or less dispassionate scientists, though M. de Souza exhibits some of the qualities of a fanatic in his defence of the "vers libre." M. Verrier is concerned with a theme that somehow manages to be far more abstract and impersonal. Not that he need be dull for any moderately serious reader, though the musical sections are hardly addressed to the complete layman. "Isochronism" has an extraordinary neutral sound; it seems to express a truism, or, at best, to establish a formula; and yet it leads to a spirited and interesting controversy. Most disputes about the nature of established metres give rather an impression of hair-splitting, but M. Landry, after establishing the existence of isochronism in music, denies it in poetry, while M. Verrier holds that it is the whole principle on which verse is based. A rather special feature of this controversy, and one that makes it more promising of results than most literary or political debates, is that M. Verrier uses M. Landry's experiments and figures to demonstrate his own thesis. At first there is complete agreement between the two adversaries—they are at one notably in their definition of the rhythmical foot. But M. Landry appears to have occasionally confounded accent and stress, and this tells against isochronism. Isochronism is the only principle of versification that will bear examination: "C'est sur le retour du temps marqué à intervalles égaux que repose le rythme." Isochronism is an ideal to which, though, like the straight line, it has no real existence, all rhythm tends to conform. The impression is the important thing; rhythm is subjective—it is "le rythme de notre attention." The instruments having done their recording work, and measured all the sounds and silences of a number of heterogeneous verses in hundredths of a second, it is found that the recurrence of certain symmetrical forms is almost uniform, and that, moreover, the ear will not perceive a difference of 10 per cent.

Mrs. Burchinal's essay on Hans Sachs and Goethe belongs to a different category of works on metre. Her subject keeps her away from the pitfalls of French verse, which has difficulties unknown to the English, German, and Italian lyres, whose unequivocal stresses make many things plain. Again we have the feeling that there is little to be explained. Again we find a host of theories explaining what seems the obvious in a multitude of ways. Hans Sachs, praised by Goethe as a master of harmonies, has since been attacked as ignorant and uncouth, and has had to be rehabilitated. Mrs. Burchinal gives the history of the "Knittelvers"—practically the metre of "l'Allegro"—and analyses specimens of Sachs' work and Goethe's imitations of Sachs.

Poetry, we have said already, and probably more relevantly than now, has dark days before her. No longer shall it be said of her, "Vera incessu patuit dea." She will have to hurry past, to escape the anxious crowd

of phonetical professors eager to measure her every step. No longer must she be as the water-beetle, notwithstanding the "ease, celerity, and grace" of his movements, for

If he ever stopped to think
Of how he did it—he would sink.

Shorter Reviews

Historical Sketches of Glamorgan. A Series of Papers read before the Glamorgan Society, London, by REV. D. BRYANT, M.A., D.C.L., REV. J. LEOLINE PHILLIPS, B.A., and MR. HOWELL PROSSER, Vol. II. (Western Mail: London and Cardiff. 1s. 9d.)

EVERY year sees an increase in the number of county societies established in London, and this increase will probably continue until every county is represented. For the most part, they are of a social and perhaps also of a philanthropic character, but it is seldom that their activities wander outside of these two provinces. To the general rule, however, that of Glamorgan is an exception which it would be well if the others would make the rule. The second of its objects is "to foster interest in the history and the traditions of the county and principality generally." In furtherance of this, periodical meetings are held, at which papers dealing with the history and traditions of Glamorganshire are read. A selection of these papers is afterwards published by the Society, and the volume at present under review consists of four papers, headed respectively, "The Marcher Lordship of Glamorgan," "Glamorgan in the Times of the Civil Wars," "A Glamorgan Worthy of the Eighteenth Century" (Dr. Richard Price, Llangeinor), and "Sir Henry Morgan, Buccaneer." The first-mentioned paper consists of a remarkably interesting historical sketch of the greater Glamorgan when it was a Marcher Lordship, from the period of the conquest of the district in the reign of William Rufus until its incorporation into the Kingdom of England in the time of Henry VIII. In "Glamorgan in the Times of the Civil Wars" Mr. Leoline Phillips sketches the struggle between the King and Parliament as it proceeded in South Wales, and throws a clear light on the criminal folly which alienated from the King that which had hitherto been among the most loyal of his dominions. The fourth of the series—also by Mr. Phillips—sketches interestingly the picturesque career of Morgan, pirate and colonial governor.

Through Holland in the "Vivette." By E. KEBLE CHATTERTON. Illustrated. (Seeley, Service, and Co. 6s. net.)

MR. KEBLE CHATTERTON is the complete yachtsman. Those who have read the story of his former adventures with the *Vivette* will recall the zest with which he writes about his boat. He overhauls her for the benefit of the reader, describes her squaresail, her fore-sails, her head-sails, her fore-halyard, her rigging. Even the non-

nautical reader—the lubberly landsman—can scarcely fail to be infected by such unrestrained enthusiasm, while those who go down to the sea in ships and make their business in great waters will find in Mr. Chatterton a kindred spirit.

In this latest book he takes us to Holland, and—when there—discourses learnedly of the manners and customs of the people. Of certain of their manners and customs, that is, for, in truth, Mr. Chatterton has eyes for little save seamanship. But it was the Dutch who introduced the yacht into England, so it is not surprising that the owner of the *Vivette* cherishes a special fondness for these people. The amateur yachtsman will find in these pages a veritable mine of information. There are sailing directions for foreign ports, ranging from Calais to Amsterdam, and there are many amusing sidelights on life in the Dutch cities.

The author, too, has a keen sense of character, and one is glad to be introduced to such a magnificent fellow as Dick. Dick is an old sailor, who has kicked about the earth for a number of years. Mr. Chatterton and his friends were indebted to him for some pleasant moments:—

Dick told us of his own marriage, which had taken place as recently as the beginning of the century, and it happened that the vicar who had performed the ceremony was the father of a former mate of the *Vivette*. According to Dick, this wedding was the first to take place in 1901, so the vicar returned him the marriage fees. That didn't suit Dick, however, who handed them back with a remark that he preferred to pay his own "harbour dues," and a desire that they might be distributed "among the churchwardens and crew."

That is quite one of the best things in the book. It is worthy of Captain Cuttle.

Johnsonian Gleanings: Part II.—Francis Barber, *The Doctor's Negro Servant*. By ALEYN LYELL READE. With Portrait Frontispiece. (Privately Printed for the Author at the Arden Press.)

Vestigia nulla retrorsum may be considered Mr. Reade's motto in his unwearying research into the by-paths of the life and times of Dr. Johnson. He has now written three works supplementary to the famous biography—"The Reades of Blackwood Hill and Dr. Johnson's Ancestry"; "Gleanings," Part I; "Notes on Dr. Johnson's Ancestors and Connexions, and Illustrative of his Early Life"—and this volume, which is an exhaustive account of the Doctor's negro servant and his descendants.

In the will of Mr. Richard Bathurst, dated April 24, 1754, occurs this clause: "Also I give to Francis Barber, a negro whom I brought from Jamaica aforesaid into England, his freedom and twelve pounds in money." Francis had probably entered Dr. Johnson's service about two years before this date; according to Boswell, a fortnight after Mrs. Johnson's death. Four years later he ran away, and became apprentice to an apothecary in Cheapside. He returned to Johnson, but his next

flit was to sea, and his name is to be found in the Admiralty muster-books on the roll of the crew of H.M.S. *Stag*, December, 1758. Being discharged in 1760, he once more returned to Johnson, this time permanently, though he was sent for some five years to school at Bishops Stortford. This was the period of the supposed portrait by Sir Joshua Reynolds, in the possession of Mr. Wilson Crewdson, F.S.A., of St. Leonards-on-Sea. There seems, however, a stronger presumption in favour of the negro portrait which was bought by Sir George Beaumont in 1796. In the matter of the large legacy left by Dr. Johnson to Barber, Mr. Reade is a strong apologist, and controverts the view of Sir John Hawkins and others that the negro was eventually ruined by the misplaced munificence, though he admits that the form of the bequest was possibly unwise. The best service rendered by Barber to posterity was the preservation of certain MSS. which would have been burnt if Johnson's dying instructions had been carried out, notably the "Annals," published in 1805.

Recently we looked through Boswell's Life in order to discover Dr. Johnson's views on swearing. A complete answer is given by Mr. Reade, who records that Barber alleged that he never heard his master swear—"the worst words he ever uttered when in a passion was 'you dunghill dog!'"

In this elaborate monograph Mr. Reade has rescued from oblivion every possible detail of the life of one who was for thirty-five years Dr. Johnson's humble servant—for all who feel a "generous curiosity" in such matters.

Dans l'Atlantique. By HENRI DEHERAIN. (Hachette and Co., Paris. 3fr. 50c.)

THE contents of this volume might be described as "Essays in 'Exotism'"—we will apologise for the superimposition of inverted commas upon inverted commas, but the French have a word and we have not. M. Dehérain has given us nothing but history and crude facts, but he has succeeded in conveying to us a strange, almost creepy, feeling. Humanity, not in an undeveloped stage, but ordinary European humanity, is here seen reduced to its lowest terms. Perhaps the account of Tristan da Cunha is the most moving thing in the book. A tiny population, at no time much in excess of five score, is seen battling with privation, lacking the barest comforts, the pleasures of society, and even the news of the greater world to which it has once belonged. "Il manque toujours quelque chose," writes a devoted missionary; "tout individu vivant ici doit s'attendre à la privation comme à une chose naturelle, comme l'on s'attend au vent et à la pluie." The inhabitants have been cut off for the most part from the consolations of religion; it is only at long intervals that a missionary has taken up his abode among them; the brother of Lewis Carroll was one of these good Samaritans, and his campaign against the rats is an important incident in island history. There is no government—an arrangement that has worked well; no "méchant

homme" having yet appeared to disturb the harmony. Twice the inhabitants have been invited to emigrate in a body to the Cape; once a third of them were destroyed in a storm at sea; frequently they have been in danger of annihilation from bad weather and harvests or the protracted neglect of the outer world. It is a curious and a potentially instructive story.

St. Helena was the reason for Tristan. Strange as it may seem, the latter island was occupied as an outpost in the cordon that was to guard the illustrious prisoner of 1815. M. Dehérein tells the story of St. Helena from its first beginnings. The island was a pawn in the game of colonial development between England and Holland. For long its value was ignored, and England had eventually to thank her luck rather than her judgment for her possession of it. The Dutch had it again for a moment, and the French, under Des Augiers, made a successful descent in 1706, when it was under the rule of another Frenchman, the expatriated Huguenot, Etienne Poirier. Fruitless attempts were made to develop it economically, and it remains what it was intended to be, a useful *dépôt* in the high seas. The chapter on slavery in the island is very moving. The other essays are mainly concerned with French enterprises, including the history of the Jacobin naturalist, Auguste Broussounet. Some excellent maps accompany the text.

The Gospel of Freedom. By HENRY D. A. MAJOR, M.A. (T. Fisher Unwin. 2s. 6d. net.)

IT seems that an increasing number of Anglican clergy—as the author of this book—are prepared to accept frankly the most advanced criticism of the so-called Modernists. We are told that the present conflict is between traditional Christianity—whether Anglo-Catholic or Evangelical—and modern Christianity; and the difference is thus defined:—

Traditional Christianity is alleged to consist of "certain traditional forms and institutions, intellectual conceptions, and disputable historical occurrences. Modern refuses to identify Christianity with aught else except the spiritual and moral ideas of the Saviour." Now "disputable historical occurrences" mean simply the evangelical miracles and the events summarised in the creeds of Catholic Christendom. Hence the miracle-myths are easily explained by comparative mythology, and the historical setting of the life of Christ is more or less mythical, so that acceptance of the creed is limited virtually to the first clause—simple Deism. The remaining "dogmas of the creed are to be used by the clergy only for the moral and spiritual lessons that can be drawn from them." It is a strange and equivocal position to employ for moral and spiritual teaching, dogmas which are rejected as myths, or at least "disputable."

If we reject the Virgin-birth, and if Christ were born and died as ordinary men, what was there supreme in His manifestation above that in other great moral teachers, say Plato or St. Paul? Then how can the Resurrection be accepted, which is the very essence of the

Gospel? Of what value becomes the historic faith of the Christian if reduced to the level of comparative mythology? In his treatment of modern destructive negative criticism the author displays a remarkable conscious assurance of infallibility. He seems to forget that dogmas of absolute negation are just as difficult to prove, historically or philosophically, as any positive or categorical dogmas. The serious side of a book like this lies in the fact that it represents lectures given at an Anglican Theological College. To invite young men to join the ministry and then explain away the creeds to which they are bound to assent suggests a curious idea of the teacher's responsibility.

Malta and the Mediterranean Race. By R. N. BRADLEY. Illustrated. (T. Fisher Unwin. 8s. 6d. net.)

OUT of the dark shadows left behind by the countless centuries that have elapsed since beings that could be called human began to inhabit the earth, rays of light are beginning to emerge. Many among us can still remember the sensation and opposition caused by Boucher de Perthe's statements that certain chipped flints found in the gravels of the Somme valley were human handiwork. We have travelled far since then, and not only is an age of stone now fully recognised, but it has been separated into several epochs, each of which is the object of careful and detailed study. One of these epochs, the neolithic, is the subject of Mr. Bradley's book; but the author deals more especially with one of the races that used polished stone implements, and that has been named the Mediterranean Race, because the seat of the comparatively high civilisation to which the race attained lies mainly in the basin of the Mediterranean. How a nation that knew no metal could produce buildings equal in size and superior in durability to our own is well described and illustrated by Mr. Bradley. The original researches made by the author at Hagiar Kim and other sites in Malta have lifted a corner of the veil that hid from us the mysterious civilisation which preceded that of Greece. The Greeks, indeed, have left on record some vague allusions to their predecessors; but the whole of classical literature does not contain so much information about this vanished people as the book before us. Mr. Bradley, however, it is fair to state, considers that the Mediterranean Race is with us still, and that its individuals may be identified by cranial and other peculiarities. We do not attach so much importance as the author to language, folk-lore, and customs as proofs of the origin of a people; but the chapters on these subjects will be read with interest by those who have not made a special study of anthropology.

Le Poème Anglo-Saxon de Beowulf. By HUBERT PIERQUIN. (Picard, Paris. 15 fr.)

IT is difficult to appraise M. Pierquin's edition of "Beowulf." It is a learned and, in some respects, a very complete work, and contains the text and French trans-

lation, not only of "Beowulf," but also of the "Traveller's Song" and the "Fight at Finnesburh"; and it is stocked with two bibliographies, an Anglo-Saxon glossary and grammar, a discussion on metre, and various indexes. The problems of time, authorship, etc., are dismissed in the most summary fashion; on the other hand, we have a very complete study of English constitutional origins down to the Conquest. It is a very good essay, but, in this prolix form, a little irrelevant. And M. Pierquin ignores such problems as that of the relation between Gregory's mission and pre-Augustinian Christianity in Britain. In the matter of rhythm we are sometimes only half convinced, as when he gives as an isolated example "Hwaet! we Gárdéna in gēardágum" for the pronouncement that "dans une forme particulière d'allitération, le composé peut même renfermer l'un des sons allitérés."

With one more piece of rather carping criticism we will close our remarks on a work that should certainly supply a great need for many: the possession of "Beowulf" is not "fièrement" claimed by modern Englishmen. At least it can never mean as much to them as the "Chanson de Roland" means to modern Frenchmen. "Beowulf" has little to recommend it but its age, its length, and some fine passages. It is a song of despair. It was the work, says approximately "Q," of some obscure scribe, "whose blue eyes probably watered with the effort."

A History of European Nations, from the Earliest Records to the Beginning of the Twentieth Century.
By ANGELO S. RAPPOPORT. (Greening and Co. 7s. 6d. net.)

WE are seriously inclined to question the utility of bare chronicles of events covering so long a period as that which is indicated by the sub-title of this work. The defence customarily advanced in favour of these historical *vade mecums* is that the general reader has not leisure sufficient for a detailed study of special treatises and requires a comprehensive view of what has happened during past centuries. If such be the case, it is surely better to impart such information as will give the reader a grasp of periods and events as a whole than to attempt to acquaint him with details which in themselves possess no significance. It is not to be supposed that we seek any quarrel with Mr. Rappoport's book in particular, for of its own kind it is admirable, but we must confess that knowledge circumscribed by such limits as are necessarily imposed upon an author who ranges over so wide a field as Mr. Rappoport is precisely of that kind against the danger of which the proverb warns us. Were the histories of European nations closely interconnected, and were that interconnection clearly shown, there might be a valid reason for including such a mass of material in so small a space. As it is, this work is no more than an extremely condensed *précis* of a number of independent national histories. Such a *précis* may be of value as a labour-saving device to a student of history faced by the near prospect of an examination, but, so far as the general reader is concerned, *mole ruit sua*.

Die syrische Barbara-Legende. Mit einem Anhang: Die syrische Kosmas- und Damian-Legende in deutscher Uebersetzung. By DR. WILHELM WEYH. (Gust Fock, Leipzig. 1 mark 50.)

DR. WEYH gives in translation the Syrian version of the legend of St. Barbara, with that of St. Juliana, and he also gives the more authorised version of the same legend, without the accretion, whose source he explains satisfactorily. He then proceeds to cite the chief texts for the Greek version, and to consider the modern editions that have appeared. He concludes definitely against the priority of the Syrian legend, basing himself largely on its faulty local colour. Nor does he see any ground for supposing that the legend of St. Barbara owed anything to that of Bassus. We are somewhat surprised to find among the traits enumerated as belonging to a common legendary stock—such as the princess in the tower and the vow of celibacy—"Das Erbauen eines Bades," which, it appears, "ist ein weitverbreitetes Sagenmotiv." It may be so, but there is little about bath-building as such that would seem very distinctive. The incident marking the conversion of St. Barbara—her insistence on having three windows made on the south side of the bath instead of two—is granted originality, but is regarded with suspicion by the critic. Dr. Weyh concludes with a literal translation from the Syrian of the legend of St. Cosmo and St. Damien.

Fiction

The New Humpty-Dumpty. By DANIEL CHAUCER. (John Lane. 6s.)

MR. DANIEL CHAUCER'S work has the quality of a really good champagne. It exhilarates, and the general effect is that of a slight, but quite pleasant, intoxication. No novelist eludes classification so successfully. Other writers are grave and gay in turns, but Mr. Chaucer is grave and gay at the same time. He is at once a keen observer of contemporary movements, a social satirist, an explorer into the strange realms of phantasy, and a purveyor of honest entertainment. His style is marked by a distinction that lifts it to a very high level, and his dialogue is a feast of delights.

One may perhaps take Mr. Chaucer half-seriously. For it seems to us that it would be as great a mistake to see too little in his story as to see too much. He chronicles, with a certain eager avidity, the lives of well-bred people of dissolute habits. For the crank—considered purely as a type—he has a special fondness, and the study of Mr. Pett, the theoretic Socialist, is inimitably perfect. The story is concerned with a counter-revolution in the Kingdom of Galizia. The King is living in exile. A republic has been established. The King—a mere boy—has acquired, a little unfairly, a reputation for a certain not very reprehensible licentiousness. He is believed to be fond of actresses. But he has friends, and these—for various reasons—are anxious to see him re-established on the throne of his ancestors.

The financial aid of an American syndicate is invoked, and thus the quite perfect Mr. Dexter, with his tuft-hunting daughter, are introduced for the delight of the reader. But the dominating figure of the narrative is Sergius Mihailovitch Macdonald, round whom the other characters revolve like stars in the planetary system. Macdonald is, indeed, Mr. Chaucer's supreme achievement in portraiture, and the curious passion of the Count for Lady Aldington provides a love interest which is less absorbing than the various ramifications of that "dark forest"—to adopt Mr. Chaucer's beloved metaphor—the heart of Macdonald himself. The conclusion of the story is as artistically satisfactory as it is, somehow, unexpected. All readers of "The New Humpty-Dumpty" will await, not without impatience, Mr. Chaucer's next novel. We wonder, by the way, who Mr. Chaucer is.

Spring Days. By GEORGE MOORE. (T. Werner Laurie. 6s.)

RE-PUBLISHING this book after an interval of twenty-five years, the author explains how it happened that it was excluded from the list of his collected works, and mentions "an insolent article" in THE ACADEMY when the book was first published. THE ACADEMY of to-day is, of course, very different from THE ACADEMY of that time, and the present reviewer has not read the article which caused the trouble. Having read the book, however, he is inclined to think that Mr. George Moore had been better advised to except it from re-publication of his works for the benefit of posterity.

The story is, as the preface tells us, that of an old gentleman who lived in a suburb, and whose daughters were a great source of trouble to him. It is also the story of his son Willie and Frank Escott, whose affections vacillate between the aforesaid troublesome daughters and a Gaiety barmaid. In the end, the Gaiety barmaid wins, and, having said farewell to the other characters, we take leave of Frank at the point when he is about to set out to re-join this lady. In this last chapter, we recognise the work of the great Irishman who has not been afraid to make mistakes, but the rest of the book is not up to the level of his better-known work. There is, of course, the limpid descriptiveness which makes it always a delight to read George Moore, the quality which stamps all his work. In this book, however, he has permitted this quality to extend to the utterances of his characters, and thus, though individuality is retained to a certain extent, each character reflects too much of the author; the result of this is that we never lose sight of him sufficiently to get vitally interested in his puppets. The mannerisms of old Brookes are delightful, but he is too clearly descriptive at times to convince us altogether that it is old Brookes himself who is speaking; Willie's egotism and preciseness are marred in the same way—and, in fact, every character bears too distinct a resemblance to Mr. George Moore, in spite of his or her own personal idiosyncrasies, to allow us to rank this book with "Esther Waters" or even "Celibates." Although a good study in shallow egotism, it is not worthy of its author.

The Triuneverse: A Scientific Romance. By the Author of "Space and Spirit." (Charles Knight and Co. 5s. net.)

THE anonymous author of this very interesting work has limited his chances of obtaining a large circle of readers by mixing up fiction with a fascinating account of certain scientific possibilities. It takes a novelist—like Wells, for instance—to write scientific fiction, and, whatever the writer of this book may be, he is not a novelist, but rather a thinker along scientific lines, though it must be conceded he is possessed of great imaginative power. The book outlines a theory by which life, as humanity knows it, is more or less proved to exist in as small a compass as that of the electron—even in a smaller subdivision of matter which the author terms the *infraton*—and in as large a division of matter as a planetary system. For each of these systems of life, time varies in value, so that the life of the electron may spend centuries in a minute of time on the ordinary human scale, while the centuries of human time do not amount to a second in the animate life of a planetary system.

This, of course, sounds rather complex and absurd on the face of it, but a perusal of the scientific side of this book will go far to convince the reader that the views expressed therein are both reasonable and possible. The author has seen fit, however, to weave in among his fascinating scientific conjectures a poor little romance based on human love and emotions, and the little romance does not fit in with the rest of his scheme—does not even command sympathy. The main purpose of the book is not that of fiction, and it was therefore a mistake to introduce a purely fictional interest where sufficient interest already existed. In spite of this, it should win a large measure of attention from all those to whom the origin and purpose of life appeal as subjects for study.

Mary Pechell. By MRS. BELLOC LOWNDES. (Methuen and Co. 6s.)

MRS. BELLOC LOWNDES has given us a very pleasant little story in "Mary Pechell," but it has not the force of some of her other works, and, although a woman's name gives the title to the book, it is Mary's two lovers to whom the greatest and most detailed descriptions are given. Neither of them appeals to us in a very particular sense, but doubtless out of the two she chose the better man. The glimpses we have of Miss Alice and Miss Rose, the two maiden aunts, are by far the best passages in the story. The contrast between them, together with their little weaknesses and peculiarities, make most entertaining reading. Mary we do not seem to know very well. She is a nice girl, who spends her time in paying long visits to her aunts and as secretary to a home workers' society in London, but she does not stand out as Jane Oglander stood out in the book of that name, or as Sylvia Bailey stood out in "The Chink in the Armour." Perhaps it is only fair that for once the men should have the greater share of attention, and

we would not for a moment suggest that Mrs. Belloc Lowndes does not describe them well, but, for all that, we certainly prefer her books in which she gives the first place to her own sex.

Windyridge. By W. RILEY. (Herbert Jenkins. 6s.)

GRACE HOLDEN, professional photographer, went from London to Windyridge, in Yorkshire, to escape the devil and all his works, and breathe clean air among simple folk. This book tells how she found that the devil had work to do even in Windyridge, and that the scent of the heather is not enough to prevent country people from doing just as townsfolk do.

One shade less of naturalness, of sincerity, and the book had been a failure; as it is, it must be reckoned an artistic success. The writer who relies for effect on sentiment must write carefully, for nothing is worse than sentiment overdone—and it is only to those who are still young enough to feel the force of sentiment and emotion that "Windyridge" will appeal. Grace Holden is thirty-six, but she is a veritable schoolgirl in her feelings and affections, and we love her none the less for that.

They are good people among whom she falls, for the most part, not only religious on Sundays, but in their everyday lives. Yet they are not namby-pamby folk, but rather strong personalities, and this applies even to the "Cynic," to whom Grace surrenders herself in the end—as we knew she would very early in the story. The chief merits of the book lie in its sub-plots, gracefully told little comedies and tragedies, and in its atmosphere, which is fresh and sweet and heartening as the heather-land in which its scenes are laid. "Windyridge" is an arresting, fascinating book, one to read and read again.

Shorter Notices

THE secondary interest in "WHITE ASHES" (Macmillan and Co., 6s.) is insurance, as that branch of commerce is practised in America, where, we are informed, it means fire insurance, unless otherwise specified. The principal character of the story is a certain Smith, who, after some tribulation, makes things "hum" at the *Guardian* office, and in the end, of course, gets his heart's desire, having previously obtained that of his head. Although written by two Americans, Mr. S. R. Kennedy and Mr. A. C. Noble, the story is free of obtrusively Yankee expressions—wherein lies a lesson for English writers on American subjects. We recognise the twang of the New Yorker and the more cultured accents of the Bostonian, and we appreciate the fact that these things are not overdone. They are American as it is spoken, and no more. Considering the book as a whole, it makes excellent reading; its main characters are well defined and interesting people, and the authors have a keen sense of the humorous side of life, although we might have welcomed a little more humanity and a little less insurance.

The human boy—"FROM THE ANGLE OF SEVENTEEN" (John Murray, 3s. 6d. net)—is hardly as interesting as he was in his early years. Having passed through that stage of budding adolescence, we are able nearly to foretell what his thoughts and emotions will be in certain situations. When he surpasses our expectations, we recognise, not the human boy in the insurance office, but Mr. Eden Phillpotts. There are paragraphs of this book that do not ring true; they are too big and thoughtful; they do not give life as one views it from the angle of seventeen, but bespeak experience such as only comes with maturity. For the rest, the boy is very human and commonplace, as we judge his creator intended him to be. Even the grandiloquent style affected by him in describing certain landmarks of London, and people with whom he is brought in contact, causes a modified form of amusement, delightful though it is, for we can all remember the time when we did likewise. Ideals were more than realities then, and there were hosts of illusions which no longer exist for us. By stirring up thoughts like these, Mr. Phillpotts has inclined decidedly more to pathos than to humour. This, however, is a matter of reading between the lines. By reading on them, and missing that which is not written, we see a rather humorous book, not quite worthy of Mr. Phillpotts at his best, and one which leads to a suspicion that, in attempting to re-introduce the human boy at the very last stage of boyhood, his author has imitated himself rather than worked along new lines.

"AN AMERICAN GIRL AT THE DURBAR" (John Lane, 6s.) views the Durbar with an eye almost as free from prejudice as that of an English spectator, and has a whole-hearted admiration for British soldiers, whom she designates "Tommies," evidently in complete ignorance of the fact that that title for a soldier is extremely out-of-date. She has a very keen sense of humour; it is also developed in one Berengaria, a friend of hers, as well as in a certain Miss Lamb, a violent and militant suffragist theoretically, but in practice a common-sense and enterprising lady. Although the greater part of the book consists of descriptions of real things and people, Miss Shelland Bradley tells it in the form of a story, and thus, while hardly deserving a place among travel-books, it puts forward an equally doubtful claim to be regarded as fiction.

Perusal of a list of "works by the same author" on one of the preliminary pages of this volume assists us in ascertaining that "THE QUEST OF THE GOLDEN ROSE" (Methuen and Co., 6s.) is the twenty-eighth novel Mr. Oxenham has penned and had published. If we say that it is quite up to his usual standard, his numerous readers may find it better, and quarrel with us; on the other hand, we would not knowingly incur the odium attaching to those guilty of overpraise. Suffice it to say that it is among his minor characters that the author does his best, and in this, his twenty-eighth novel, Mr. Oxenham has produced an exceedingly interesting story.

Miss Rachel C. Schauffer in "THE GOODLY FELLOWSHIP" (Macmillan and Co., 6s.) has given us missionary

life with Persia as a background, but it must be confessed that the background is rather hazy: we are not brought into intimate contact with Persia and things Persian, but rather with a settlement of American missionaries who might be almost anywhere, except in America, since they betray traces of home-sickness at times. The heroine is an American society girl, who gets stranded in the missionary station for a period of months; the hero is of the silent, strong type that Merriman delighted in, and the story of these two is of more than passing interest. The chief appeal of the book, however, lies in things spiritual, rather than in things material. Here and there one comes across a little passage telling of the way in which these isolated missionaries "live Christ," as the author puts it, and, although that "living" is only told by means of a few lines at infrequent intervals, one feels the reality of their life and work. It is possible that the restraint of the writing makes them forceful; in any case, the force is there, and the book is a good lesson in practical Christianity. It is a live, strong story of very human people whom we accept as realities, and in whom we are vitally interested from the first page to the last. For the sake of such people we find it possible easily to forgive the absence of local colour, which is the book's one weak point.

"THROUGH THE IVORY GATE" (Frank Palmer, 6s.) deals with the career of an educated gentleman, who, because he is refused by two ladies in succession, Atalanta and Althea, sinks to the depths of degradation by indulgence in drink and association with undesirable characters, and finally ends his career by taking a dose of laudanum. Had the man been compelled to work for his living, the end would not have been what it was. It may be necessary to write the life-story of some degenerates, but no such necessity arises in this particular case, and why Mr. Reginald Farrer should leave his rock garden and its simple pleasures to wander into the highways to collect materials for this story, especially the degrading parts of it, we are at a loss to understand.

A Literary Inquest

THE imagination of the novelist is a brilliant and flexible instrument, but it has some curious limitations. One of these is indicated by the inability of the novelist to conduct his business with the measure of skill displayed by the ordinary tradesman. I do not refer to the shyness and delicacy which tell against him in arranging agreements with publishers. The trouble lies in his lack of imaginative power to follow the course of his work after the publisher takes it in hand. At the very first step the book changes from an artistic production to a mere factor in a commercial transaction which involves a printer, a bookbinder, a distributor, libraries, booksellers, and that vague conglomerate of appetites and pockets known as the public. Throughout its passage from one link to another of this chain the book remains to its author a work of art, in some actual

as well as spiritual sense superior to the laws of commerce. It has no kinship with soap, or clothes, or even with newspapers. Disillusionment comes with the first account for royalties—disillusionment, and seldom anything much more substantial. But this contact with reality is forgotten as soon as a new book is born; hope obliterates it, and gives those royalties "at 25 per cent. after the first three thousand" an air of already taking shape in minted gold. The last thing which a novelist thinks of doing is dissecting and criticising the conditions of his trade as he would the far more complex characters and situations which he himself creates.

On two recent occasions, however, this "last thing" has been attempted. In the *National Review* of September a "Minor Novelist" presented a balance-sheet which should fill the eyes of the Muses with tears; and in the current issue of the *Nineteenth Century and After* Mr. Herbert Flowerdew writes an article which should make these tears overflow. His subject is "The Lost Industry of Novel-writing." It forms an appendix, like an auditor's report, to the balance-sheet of the Minor Novelist. That writer showed how, by dint of hard labour and skilful exploitation, he had achieved the income of a draper's assistant, with the result that he has now decided to become a taxi-cab driver. He seems relieved that he did not starve, and his figures show that he depended to a large extent on the sale of serial rights. One of the merits of Mr. Flowerdew's article is that it draws a thick line between the novel and the serial story in novel form. Rarely do we find a story equally at home on both sides of the line. There is much the same difference between the novel and the serial as between a picture and a Christmas supplement. Every genuine novelist knows that the temptation of the serial is the greatest to which his love of art is exposed. Mr. Flowerdew himself began his literary career with a novel—"A Celibate's Wife"—which showed that he was a literary craftsman with something of a real gift; but this experiment in the Lost Industry apparently taught him to accept cheerfully the damnation of the serial. He does not, however, mention his personal experiences. He treats the subject on broad lines, declaring boldly that under present market conditions the business of novel-writing proper is a corpse.

There are facts which seem to disprove this contention at once. The constant stream of six-shilling fiction appears to sweep away Mr. Flowerdew and his alleged corpse at the same time. But Mr. Flowerdew points out that the majority of these "novels" are really serials which are enjoying a second life in a form to which they have no artistic title. Again, there is a certain group of popular novelists whose work survives the conditions which are fatal to the average work of merit. Further, there is an ever-recruited group of writers who produce novels in the charming hope that by-and-bye the great reward will come. His analysis of the situation shows that the business of novel-writing and novel-publishing is not only a sheer speculation, but a bad one. It would be difficult, I believe, for publishers to deny that the

usual circulation of a novel, however sound as a literary production and however well received by the critics, is about five hundred copies. Under more favourable conditions of authorship and subject the output rises to about one thousand. In a country with millions of readers, all athirst for fiction, this result is positively ludicrous. It means, in effect, that the novelist who aims at something higher than the serial cannot, save in rare instances, approach the mass of the reading public. He will not reach as many readers as the author of a book on forestry, or steel manufacture, or any other subject in which only a minority of the public is interested.

Mr. Flowerdew attributes this extraordinary situation to the mistake of fixing the price of a novel at a level which is supposed to be fair and convenient to the library and the general purchaser. His argument is that such a price must be too cheap for the library and too dear for the bookseller. And the facts of the trade seem to support his argument. At no time did people buy six-shilling novels freely; and they are less inclined than ever to this extravagance now that reprints of older books are available at one shilling or sevenpence. As for the library, it can get along quite comfortably with a single copy of each book unless there is a large *simultaneous* demand. Mr. Flowerdew emphasises this fact as the essential curse of the cheap library book. It means that unless a book can, by some quality apart from serious literary merit, attract this large simultaneous demand, the libraries will not purchase it in adequate numbers. We see the effect of this system in the accepted principle that the life of an average novel is about three months. This surely is the crowning absurdity of the situation. Within that period the book does not touch more than a minute fraction of the reading public; the great mass of those who might have enjoyed it have never heard of it. Yet there is no possibility of keeping it moving so that in time it may permeate the market which is supposed to be open to it. In three months it is dead; and the business of "remaindering" is only a kind of pauper's funeral.

Neither of the writers quoted offers any specific cure for the depression which has settled upon the industry of novel-writing. It is not difficult to deduce a possible cure from Mr. Flowerdew's diagnosis, but even he throws the burden of discovery upon the Society of Authors. It was at the instigation of that body, he points out, that the common denominator between the library and the purchaser was attempted; and he properly asks the same body to find a way of reversing its mistakes. I shall not be at all surprised if the Society remains serenely passive. A body which is able to regard the establishment of a library censorship without even a tremor of protest is quite capable of declaring that the business of and the art of novel writing were never more sweetly wedded. The Society is governed by authors who have "arrived" and who have frequently followed other roads than the straight path which is lit by a single star. It is an admirable sheep-dog for the protection of innocents who fear the wolves in publishers' clothing; but it is no better than the individual author in the

breadth and courage of its imagination as regards practical affairs. If it were, it could not tolerate for a single day the chaotic conditions of the book market, in which sound creative work is lost on the morrow of its appearance. If it were, it must appreciate the fact that neither the publisher, nor the librarian, nor the bookseller, nor the author, nor the reader, is at all satisfied with the present state of things. The essential point to be dealt with is the separation of the library demand from the public demand, both in price and in time. This is partly done in the case of memoirs and books of travel, which provide much better results to everybody concerned than the works of fiction which appeal, potentially at least, to a much wider public. In a previous article which appeared in THE ACADEMY I explained the necessity for an increase in the rates charged by the libraries to the public; there are also arguments for holding that the prices charged to the libraries for fiction are too low.

There is no shadow of commonsense in a system which provides an ephemeral volume of memoirs with a larger circulation and a larger margin of profit than a solid piece of creative work. In any case the Society of Authors ought to realise that the serious and capable novelist meets with more profound discouragement at the present day than in any recent generation. The difficulty is not so much a matter of money as of reaching the audience which ought to prove responsive. A circulation of five hundred copies gives an author the same cold, depressed feeling as an actor suffers when he has to play to empty stalls. It strangles inspiration and kills the joy of labour. It forces him gradually to lower his ideals and to strike the false note which alone will resonate among the artificial conditions of the market. Perhaps the only result which is not wholly objectionable is that it forces him, even when he has contrived to become popular, to find a fuller measure of reciprocity in writing for the stage. A. G. W.

The Theatre

"The Open Door" at the Lyceum

THE management of Mr. Walter and Mr. F. Melville, appears to be a very fortunate affair. They know what their public wants. Few people would have supposed that "The Open Door," a curious new and original drama of Russian Jewish life — as it is on the stage — would have been helped by the introduction of a personage who performs miracles; is divine, apparently; the friend of man; a sort of super-servant in the house. But this character, called rather quaintly, "Homo," is the life and soul of this new play. He is always in the strong, hard stage light, ready to help the good Jewish hero and heroine, ready to bear the pain of others and release them from sin and sorrow. Mr. Shirley and Mr. Landeck have been extremely bold in presenting

this character, and the management must have had perfect faith in Mr. Halliwell Hobbs, who plays the part. This boldness and confidence was fully justified on the first night, for the story of "The Open Door" was followed with keen interest and enthusiastically applauded.

The ground-work of the play is pretty well-worn. There is a wicked Governor of a province who desires as his companion the young wife of a young Jew. The Governor is very, very naughty; prisons, whipping, and killing, and all that sort of thing are freely used. The old agonies that come to all the good people in the early stages of melodrama are clearly set forth. But in this play "Homo" is the one who puts things right—and very quickly. This is a new and noble idea of the authors. Writers used to have trouble in relieving the good people of their plays from painful positions; not so with the new style. Disgrace, dishonour, death—all can be put right if you have such a character as "Homo" always at hand. But, of course, the audience must believe in him, and somehow Mr. Halliwell Hobbs enables them to have faith. It is a remarkable theatrical victory, such as no other management would dare attempt. Indeed, Mr. Shirley and Mr. Landeck have created a new heaven and a new earth of melodrama. They have made agreeable to their peculiar audience the obscure and the vague; they have added utter mystery to the commonplace and released themselves from all the usual difficulties of the stage by the use of their remarkable "Homo." And they have done it very well and without offence. Whenever the wicked people are too victorious "Homo" appears, and all is well.

The last scene would have delighted some of the reformers of stage lighting. It is played in the dark. One gathers that Mr. and Mrs. Raphael, acted in true convention by Mr. C. W. Standing and Miss Bracewell, are released from a nasty-looking situation by "Homo" and pass "unto the sea and the Land Beyond." Possibly this is symbolic of death, but one never knows. At any rate, there are some long and excellent sentiments by Mr. Halliwell Hobbs—and exit "Homo," and "curtain."

The wicked governor of Mr. Albert Ward is cleverly played. Of course, it does not approach reality, but the convention is splendidly maintained. "Baron Petroff" holds the audience spellbound by his wickedness and his peculiar eye. Long ago I was at a rehearsal, in which the late Prince Soltikoff was interested. The play had a Russian baron in it. M. de Soltikoff bore this as long as possible, and then he spoke from his stall: "There are no barons in Russia. Anything else you like. Hundreds of thousands of princes, but no barons." But in Russian drama, such as "The Open Door," barons, knouts, and all sorts of things that do not really happen in the land of the Little Father appear again and again. However, it really does not matter. "Homo" arranges everything, and everything that "Homo" does is right.

EGAN MEW.

Indian Reviews

THE *Wednesday Review* (Trichinopoly) from August 14 to September 4 welcomes co-operation with the Muhammadans for the good of the country. The wish is sound enough, but the performance will be difficult, unless fundamental differences can be annihilated. The Editor opposes the establishment of provincial autonomy in India if the right of intervention by Parliament is to be withdrawn. Self-government for India he regards as beyond the range of practical politics. The composition of the Public Service Commission is much discussed: the inadequacy of Indian representation is the general cry. The Editor again takes the unpopular view when he supports the Government's decision not to allow the proposed Universities at Aligarh and Benares to affiliate colleges outside of those cities. He denies that there is any large or influential section of the people who yearn that their children should be grown up (*sic*) into the peace of assured religious belief. The Calcutta High Court having received two severe blows in the Mymensingh and Midnapur cases, on which the *Times* demanded a searching inquiry into the administration of justice, this *Review* rounds on the *Times*, and states that the Midnapur case is to come before the Privy Council. If this is true, criticism should be suspended. Some observations on the increase of the Excise revenue and the question of dealing with the opium and liquor traffic betoken an absolute ignorance of the whole problem. A Madras civilian has written a Census report which "has all the charm of romance, and is aglow with life and movement"; its perusal "is an invigorating intellectual tramp, with an irrepressible humorist by your side." High praise, indeed!

The two issues of the *Collegian* (Calcutta) for August contain information, as usual, about current educational matters. The Calcutta University has made ample provision for post-graduate study, thus realising its functions as a teaching University. It would be interesting to hear more of the South India Branch of the Simplified Spelling (of English) Society at the Madras Presidency College. It sounds, *prima facie*, rather a waste of time. The Serampore Weaving Institute has lasted three years, and is making progress. This attempt to revive a decaying art deserves encouragement. An enthusiast has established "the All-India Academy of Music," with the object of reviving the music of the Aryan masters and increasing the felicity (*sic*) of learning the same. The learned and literary papers in this journal are too long and profound to receive more than a passing allusion here.

The *Journal of the Anthropological Society of Bombay* for 1911 and 1912 contains, as usual, various excellent papers. As an Indian Judge said, speaking on the study of Anthropology, "our philologists, our anthropologists, our antiquarians are doing us practical service. . . . We must understand the past aright to guide us now and build for the hereafter." Folk-lore, part of this subject, is "the science which treats of the

survival of archaic beliefs and customs in modern ages." The papers published treat of certain castes, animal stories, relics of the primitive spirit-scaring idea in the Avesta and in prevalent Parsi religious practices, village gods and ghosts, the dog in myth and custom, the tiger in Malay folk-lore, stories of witchcraft and magic in Mogul India. The Malays have a proverb, "Two wives under one roof, two tigers in one cage," a sufficient reason for monogamy anywhere. The papers of this Society should be more widely known.

The *Rajput Herald* (London) for August has a paper by an Indian on "India's place in the British Empire," but the name of India is only once mentioned in it. The "Blunder of the East" is apparently the Persian revolution, a tragic blunder, because it has not gained universal moral acquiescence. The "net result of the Chinese Revolution" is said to be the break-up of diplomatic relationship between the East and West. Whose fault is that? The shameless reassertion of untruths is one of the difficulties in dealing with Indian writers. It is easy to perceive the point of view from which the Editor, Mr. Thakur Seesodia, writes his editorial notes, and reviews other reviews. He takes full advantage of having the last word.

The *Hindustan Review* for August gives from the very beginning the history of the appointment of natives of India to official posts in that country. The words, "*Fitness is henceforth to be the criterion of eligibility*," are italicised. The whole question is, What is fitness? Capacity to pass examinations is not fitness. The qualities required for administrators and rulers can be commonly found in Europeans, but not in Indians. The papers on the Mughal Empire, Akbas, and Dara Shikoh are historical, but they show no special originality; it is easy to make extracts or paraphrases from well-recognised authorities. Dr. Coomaraswamy's review of Dinesh Chandra Sen's "History of Bengali Language and Literature" does it no more than justice; the book is before us; it consists mainly of lectures addressed to the Calcutta University; it brings together systematically much matter that could not easily be found in a presentable form. The reviews of English writings such as Dickens' works, by an Indian, do not interest; the subjects are too hackneyed.

The *Moslem World* (quarterly) for October publishes a reprint of a "Call to a Day of Prayer for the Moslem World," issued by the World's Evangelical Alliance, to be observed on October 16, the centenary of the death of the great missionary and Persian scholar, Henry Martyn. This issue shows no falling-off in the number and interest of the contents. A French professor, writing on "A Moslem Policy," appears to recommend not so much the penetration of Islam by Christianity as the penetration of Moslem civilisation by Christian civilisation. His idea is that from oscillation to oscillation the latter will overcome in the end. The word "*Jihād*," which is generally believed to mean "religious war," comprehensively, is shown to have more than one meaning, which it takes ten pages to explain. The "New Woman in Persia" is a significant indication of progress: the

higher aspirations of the sex can hardly end with change of dress and a smattering of education. The position of women in Islam is a very large question, which the Right Hon. Syed Ameer Ali considers from its legal side. His reviewer states that the author has omitted equally cogent facts which militate against his conclusions. A writer admits that "the rapid expansion of Islam among the backward races of East, Central, and West Africa is unfortunately a fact which can no longer be denied." In this review the notes on current topics and reviews of books can always be commended. "The Islam series" published by the Christian Literature Society for India is a marvel of cheapness and excellence.

The Grey of the Morning

By the Late H. D. LOWRY.

ALL the day through I was wandering by the sea; all day the cold, clean air was about me, like the known presence of a friend. Night brought pleasant sleep, and never a dream came near until just before the dawn. Then I turned upon my bed, vaguely discerned the glimmering square of the window, and heard the whisper of the sea. And, lying thus, I dreamed.

It was the grey twilight of the morning: the beautiful grey twilight through which the sun's gold is presently to well up, as love in the grey eyes of a girl. I was walking in a great wood of beeches, a gloom of branches above, and about me a tremendous silence which dwelt among the livid trunks. In places where the wood broke a little and there was a way for the light, the daffodils showed yellow-green buds unfolding. But these could not stay me; I went forward in haste, although I did not know what I sought. It was as if some spirit had laid upon me, while I slept, an order which I now instinctively obeyed without remembering. And suddenly—in my dream—I had discovered the thing it was appointed I should find. For the trees stood in a circle intermingling their loftiest branches, and underneath among the dead leaves was a white flower, beautiful beyond words. I am careless of the names men give to things; yet I named this the wind flower, daughter of the good winds that come at evening out of the West. It was a flower such as no man would dream of gathering, nor could it grow in any ordered garden. For its grace was beyond the beauty of daffodils growing solitary by hill-fed streams, and it glimmered white and original in the gloom of the wood. I could fancy such a thing might grow out of the grave of some wild girl-creature, born before the race was burdened with souls, and dead in the first promise of her beauty. And whether the dream ceased or no I cannot tell. For I lay with shut lids while that marvellous white flower still glimmered through the grey of the morning, and the great sea hushed the world to sleep a little longer, since one man had found happiness.

But the dream changed. Under sheer cliffs is a

beach, of which I think often whenever I have been over-much in the company of my fellows. Here you might dwell a lifetime and see no man, unless it were a dreamer like yourself, or some solitary seeker after wreckage. It was still morning, and the sands were wet; as I went forward dryness and wetness played about my feet as the blood comes and goes in a child's face. And suddenly, rounding a high crag, I beheld a maiden standing by the mouth of a great cavern, whose floor is a deep pool. Her feet were bare, and her white arms; but a robe of silken stuff, coloured like the young leaves of the apple, fell from her shoulders, and about her waist was a girdle of sea-shells, pale-tinted like June orchids. The cold light played upon the thin robe as the wind blew along the sands, and the shining limbs showed underneath.

She looked on me without a word, and her eyes were grey as the winter sea; black rocks, deep-sunken in the sea, are not more black than her beautiful hair. She took my hand and led me forth until we stood upon the margin of the pool, the sea thundering behind us, and the wind chill as it came over the wet sands; then she stepped forward, and I went with her. And we plunged deep into the pool, walking forward into the black caverns which lie at the roots of the high cliffs. The water was like glass about us, parting and closing as we went; I could have fancied I was dead and freed of this body, for I breathed there as in the air, and walked comfortably, save for the loveliness which sprang from my companionship. Sea-creatures moved by us unreal as pictures on a screen, and the water had dark places in it, with brown weeds stealthily shifting. But we passed onward, the coldness of her hand—cold as Purity's self—seeming to take me also, and the darkness growing. Her black hair swam about me, darkening my sight; I began to falter and to be in doubt. . . . And suddenly this also ended. Again I was vaguely conscious of the light over against my bed, and a white flower was before my eyes.

It was but a little after that a peacock screamed on the lawn below, and called me back from dreaming. I rose and thrust aside the blind, to behold him standing with outspread tail, a garish incarnation of the day which is void of secrets. But my dream has not yet gone from me, and I would fain discover the meaning which is in it. This much I know: that only when I myself am a creature of the world of dreams shall I find the lady of the cave, and with her seek the white flower of the beech-wood.

Mr. Rathmell Wilson will commence the autumn season of the Little Salon, at 24, Bloomsbury Square, of which Miss M. L. Breakell is president, with a reading of Ibsen's "Hedda Gabler," on Wednesday evening, 23rd inst. Among those shortly to address the Salon are Dr. Stenson Hooker, Rev. A. H. Haigh, Mrs. Hubert Bland (E. Nesbit), and Mlle. A. V. Thirion, L.L.A.

The Literary Traveller

By W. H. KOEBEL.

IN order to approach anywhere near the status of the complete traveller it is necessary to "take notice" of the minor details as well as the more obvious circumstances. One need not proceed far from home in order to meet with a multitude of both. The traffic of London itself, for instance, yields up daily a vast amount of matter for reflection and wonderment. Take the motor omnibuses alone. Surely these Goliaths which have revolutionised the streets afford a sufficiently weighty problem for those who are fated to dwell among—and occasionally underneath—them. Their convenience is undoubtedly great. I should be the last to stand in the way of rapid traffic—literally as metaphorically. But it seems to me that a time has arrived when a check should be placed upon the exuberance of a certain number of the drivers. Of these latter there is one particular type which constitutes an unceasing danger to the life of pedestrians and passengers in other vehicles. Relying on the weight of his Juggernaut, he takes it for granted that the minor roadcraft will flee from him like sprats before a whale—the metaphor here is not much more involved than the traffic through which he is accustomed to force his way! It is when the other driver maintains his rights that an accident most frequently occurs. And an accident in which the heavy body of a motor omnibus is mixed up seldom results in a trivial affair. The recent statistics speak very tragically and eloquently on the point.

Now I do not approach this subject with any undue feeling, nor am I obsessed by any particular sensation of nervousness on the point. An experience of motor traffic in other lands has left me hardened and comparatively prepared for the worst. One who has driven in a motor-car with the average Latin chauffeur at the wheel, whether in Europe or South America will fully sympathise with me in this. He will understand the frame of mind which coincides with the termination of one of these particular orgies, more especially in Lisbon, Rio de Janeiro, or Buenos Aires. At such a time one is convinced that the sole reason for a continued existence must be attributed to the unseen presence of some strange new cherub which was born on the same day as petrol; a cherub which sits on the shoulder of a very skilful but completely reckless chauffeur, and carefully hoards the inch or two which intervenes between the hubs of the wheels of the various vehicles. Among his other weaknesses of the kind, a race constitutes the breath of his nostrils to one of these Latin chauffeurs. Should he chance to catch a glimpse of another car many hundreds of yards to his rear he will slow down and dawdle along until his rival has all but drawn alongside. This is the chosen moment. It is just then that he metamorphoses himself from a tortoise to a greyhound, and for the next few minutes the two will be

rocking along in uncomfortable proximity, while all the other vehicles in the neighbourhood are left to make the best of their chances. It is an experience of this sort that tends to age the casual passenger.

Matters, of course, have not yet attained to this pitch in the London streets. Nevertheless, when even some minor feats of racing are indulged in by the cumbrous motor omnibuses the possibilities are sufficiently unpleasant. And that this racing occurs there is no doubt whatever. In the competitive days of the horse-drawn vehicles such strenuous tests of speed were to be understood. Although they were in a way to be deprecated they seldom ended in a result more serious than a bump or two and a few damaged wheels. This is decidedly not the case with the heavy motor traffic. Now that this particular traffic is almost in the hands of a monopoly the reason of this racing and of the fierce struggle to obtain the *pas* is probably only fully understood by the driver and the companies, and the most logical point of view is that the latter are the principal culprits. Moreover—like Topsy before she had done—the thing is growing. If you would see it at its height—or lowest depth, whichever you prefer—it is merely necessary to stand at the corner where Lower Regent Street branches off from Pall Mall. When the traffic begins to grow thin of an evening the pace at which the westward-bound motor omnibuses take the corner is a revelation of the kind which is popularly supposed to be reserved for Tattenham Corner. Agility alone has saved many more dark splashes here than have actually stained the road. Undoubtedly someone will have to move—since just at present these bullying motor-omnibuses seem the only ones who are indulging too recklessly in any hobby of the kind.

As we have begun on local matters, we may as well conclude in consistent fashion. If precautions are unduly lacking in the omnibus world, the District Railway would seem to have been struck by an idea tending towards the other direction. The innovation here is trivial enough, yet it is certainly practical. The driver of the train is now provided with one of those little round mirrors which have become the popular adjuncts of a motor-car. Thus he has now a view of the entire train, and has something beyond the whistles of the conductors to guide his movements. Doubtless this arrangement has caused many a belated passenger to find a seat which he would otherwise have lost. From the driver's point of view the idea must be a distinct advantage. It is something to have the comedies of each station unrolled before the eyes of one who has it in his powers to take or leave the hindmost. Perhaps as he watches the jostling crowd of harried humanity some of the benefits due to the impunity of his career may become clear to him. One may argue with many folk. Guards, cab-drivers, conductors, and chauffeurs all come from time to time within the range of a lashing tongue. But never a driver of a train! He is a being apart.

The Magazines

ONE is compelled to admire the audacious courage of Mr. Austin Harrison, the editor of the *English Review*, even when least agreeing with the occasion of it. To print fifty pages of a poem by John Masefield in a monthly magazine is a feat that may or may not look amazing now, but it would have aroused more than a little wonderment among editors had it been suggested not so long ago. The present "poem" is called "Dauber," and treats of a man with artistic ambition who shipped to sea in the fo'c'sle in order to learn the way of a ship, and how the seas look in different weathers. In the end Dauber dies, however, and his intention remains unfulfilled. It is sometimes a little tedious, yet it forms a good tale that is even assisted by the occasionally desperate struggle for rhymes. But that it is poetry in the remotest sense, we deny. And even its originality is impugned; for, since Mr. Masefield has been publishing these "poems" of his, we have seen several poems of a similar order that had lain unheeded in their several writers' desks for years. "Dauber" takes up a good part of the *English Review*. Among other fare, Mr. G. S. Street tells of his experiences among card-sharpers in "Fallen among Thieves"; the editor writes of "The Vanity of Death," contrasting various conceptions of death in view of the suicide of General Nogi; and Mr. F. E. Green writes upon "The Tyranny of the Countryside."

In the *Fortnightly*, too, Life and Death figure in an anonymous article entitled "Life and Death: A Discursive Dialogue." Maurice Maeterlinck deals with M. J. H. Fabre's "Souvenirs Entomologiques" under the title of "The Insect's Homer." He makes his essay virtually a resumé of the book, and thus conveys a considerable amount of entomological information in a small space. We venture to suggest that the title is grandiloquent for so derivative an article. Mr. E. V. Lucas writes upon "Thackeray's 'Punch' Table Talk." He relies on the diary kept by one Henry Silver, a young lawyer who was appointed to "the place left vacant by the death of Douglas Jerrold in 1857," and who "kept a record of each dinner that he attended and the best things said there for twelve years, until, in 1870, he retired." In the way of reminiscence the article makes good reading; but it leaves one with a disastrous idea of *Punch* wit and wisdom. Possibly the wine helped things along. Mr. Basil de Sélincourt writes upon "Auguste Angellier." Angellier is a somewhat neglected figure, and Mr. de Sélincourt writes with a keen and critical pen. Mr. Montague Crackanthorpe discusses in detail "The Friends and Foes of Eugenics."

One of the most interesting articles in the *Nineteenth Century* is by Mr. Charles Edward Stuart, entitled "A Visit to London in the Year 1651." As it is chiefly derived from an authentic document of a gentleman who journeyed to London in that year, and who recorded his expenditures in detail, the document being reproduced with the article, despite some slight embellishments by

Mr. Stuart, it has an authority that raises it high above the fanciful accounts sometimes seen. The Hon. Mrs. Edward Lyttelton has an article of not less, though widely different, interest, entitled "Humours of Irish Servants." It is, in fact, not only with Irish servants she deals, but with the humours of all manner of Irish folk. She closes with a tribute that a good many will endorse. "No Englishman," she says, "ever gives credit to Irish folk for the *depth* of the reserve which, in all classes, lies below the apparent outspokenness. Such reserve one has learned—whether rightly or wrongly—to consider as a special tribute of the educated in both countries, but in Ireland it may be said to exist among all classes." Captain Rolleston deals with one of the greatest problems in India in an article entitled "Behind the Purda." Mr. Herbert Flowerdew is, we think, unduly pessimistic upon "The Lost Industry of Novel-Writing." Much that he says is indisputably true, and publishers will have very soon to take into consideration the question of cheap editions of novels. It is slowly and surely killing the purchase of six shilling novels, and booksellers are already becoming keenly alive to their own interests in the matter. But there will always be the element of gamble among publishers. And in view of the recent Meredith letters, surely his reference to the difficulty a modern Meredith would have in winning his way through reads a little ironically. Nevertheless, we venture to say that publishers will soon have to meet at a round-table conference upon the question of the publishing of novels. Mr. A. F. Shuster deals capably and convincingly with "Capital Punishment: The Case for Abolition."

The *Oxford and Cambridge Review* this month prints an interesting examination of "The System and Devolution of Indian Government" by "Asiaticus." There is an argument for the cessation of strikes, in verse, by Cecil Roberts. In the same magazine Mr. Hilaire Belloc further examines the process of Reform, and writes this month upon "The Restoration of Property." Mr. Francis Meynell has a poem upon the verse, "Greater love hath no man than this." In the *Cornhill* Mr. Edmund Gosse has an interesting article dealing with "Swinburne at Etretat." Practically for the first time—at least, for the first time in detail—the full account of Swinburne's near escape from drowning is given; and doubtless there will be many who will take advantage of the fact to gain possession of the *Cornhill*. Dr. Paget writes all too briefly on "The Genius of Pasteur." "In the Vineyards of France," by Sir Henry Lucy, makes good reading. One of the good things in *Blackwood's* is "Old Ulster Memories," by Mr. J. M. Callwell, the author of "Old Irish Life." Mrs. Andrew Lang writes upon "The Wife of Benedict Arnold" in an article that recalls a familiar pen. Mr. Farman in "The French Electoral Reform" shows considerable intimacy with his subject.

A good essay in the *Theosophist* for this month deals carefully with the "Zoroastrian Rites and Ceremonies." Unfortunately it is not complete; yet such articles as these have a deep interest, both from the point of view

of the student of religions and the earnestly interested in spiritual discipline. Another article of more than ordinary interest is by Annie Besant on "Investigations into the Super-Physical." Mrs. Besant is somewhat too apt to have her vision bound by the demands of the society of which she is one of the luminaries; nevertheless, she writes with interest and instruction.

The Jubilee International Stamp Exhibition

A VERY interesting exhibition is taking place this week at the Royal Horticultural Hall, where there are being shown upwards of 120 collections of stamps. To those who are able to go in largely for the study of philately this exhibition must prove most valuable. One of the finest collections of the stamps of Great Britain is that of Mr. Sydney Loder, which contains some very rare specimens. Mr. Loder is also the fortunate possessor of the original copper-plate from which the Post Office Mauritius stamps of 1847 were printed. As these stamps are among the most costly in the world, this plate is both a unique and precious possession. Its value is estimated at £5,000. It is astonishing to note the number of "freak" stamps of which collectors have managed to become possessed. There are stamps from which the watermarks have been omitted, others with the perforation through the centre of the stamp, and some printed on the same side as the gum. It is not only Great Britain who has made all these mistakes; Sweden and other countries also possess careless printers, who, however, greatly add to the value of a collection. A model stamp factory shows the whole process of stamp-making, from the paper-mill to the Post Office. The principal stamp dealers have their stalls round the exhibition, and it is mainly owing to their support that the exhibition is free of entry money. A very good programme is arranged for the week; there are an official banquet, a reception and ball, and a special visit to the Coliseum for the entertainment of the foreign visitors. Thanks are due to the patrons and officers of the exhibition, among whom should be specially noted Mr. Fred J. Melville, President of the Junior Philatelic Society.

At St. Stephen's Shrine

BY A REGULAR DEVOTEE.

ON Wednesday, 9th inst., the Scottish Temperance Bill was got out of the way—somehow—anyhow—with a crop of injustices lurking in it which will come to light, not now, but later on. The slatternly legislation of the Shops Act is only just beginning to show itself after some months of working. The same policy of haste and carelessness is apparent in the Insurance Act, and, to crown all, the Radical Party are bent on rushing through in the same way a Bill dealing with

the Constitution of the Empire. For instance, in the proposed time-table only two and a half hours are allotted to Clauses 42 to 48. All the finance of the Bill is to be considered in six days; the delicate questions of the religious safeguards are to be thrashed out in a quarter of that time, and the enormous legislative powers of the Irish Parliament are to be settled in four and a half days. The Unionist Party were delighted when they learnt that Bonar Law, instead of merely opposing the resolutions, intended to put on record a reasoned amendment, declaring that the Government had no right to pass Home Rule without an appeal to the country.

There was naturally a very full house on Thursday afternoon, but as I surveyed the benches I could not help thinking of the futility of the operation. Here were men summoned from all parts of the kingdom and abroad to attend for the purpose of what? For the purpose of walking through a narrow doorway and registering their names in two different lobbies. Some of them had come at great expense, but that was a detail. The fact that strikes me is that the whole thing is a foregone conclusion. Half a dozen men would speak—all well worth hearing—and yet not a vote would be turned. A Whip on either side could prophesy at three o'clock, within one or two, what the majority would be. As Bonar Law said later on: "In my sincere judgment, it would not have been in essence a greater travesty of the whole system of Parliamentary government if the right hon. gentleman had proposed that every stage of the Bill should go through to-morrow and that it would have been supported with equal equanimity." You can see the manifest difficulties of debating an important subject under such difficult conditions, and yet the men who took part in it put their backs into it, as if they were really trying to convince each other of the correctness of their view, the real fact being that they were speaking through the Reporters' Gallery to the nation outside.

Asquith was not and did not look well. He was not quite at his ease, and, in spite of his well-turned sentences and neatness of mind, his argument sounded as if it had been got up from a carefully drawn brief. No point in favour of his opinion was raised. History had been ransacked to support his view, whilst every precedent against it was carefully omitted. He callously put forward the views I have outlined above. What is the good of all this talk? The object of the Opposition is to destroy and not to amend the Bill. Why should they be allowed to prolong debate? He considered the time allowance had been generous.

Bonar Law received a great ovation when he arose. "What we want is a leader who can hit hard and keep on punching," is the view in the Smoking-Room. Bonar Law does not look like a hard hitter; he is slight and almost diffident in manner, and looked a little nervous as he looked down and carefully examined his fingernails as the cheers resounded round him; but from the moment he opened his mouth you could see that he meant business. There was no feinting or circling

warily round his opponent. He hit out straight and continuously—a very shower of blows. He analysed the time-table; he showed how the Liberals had avoided the question of Home Rule at the last election. Indeed, with the burning enthusiasm which always inspired him—a scornful description of the cold Minister—he had not mentioned Home Rule in his election address since 1895. The fiery scorn at the beginning of the speech of the Leader of the Opposition was turned to earnestness at its close. Ulster at this moment is like a powder mine. Do you mean to force Home Rule on Ulster at the point of the bayonet? If bloodshed comes, the bloodguiltiness will not be on us, but on the Government.

Lloyd George made the best speech on his side. But he, also, was not at his best. Insincerity hung over it like a pall. He was flippant at first, then declared he was only chaffing, and finally advanced the theory that Bonar Law was under the heel of the Ulstermen! It was a strange parody of our contention, and was met with cries of "What about your masters—Redmond and Patrick Ford?" Carson called it fooling, and practically defied the Government to prosecute him for anything he had done or said.

Winston was quite ineffective. His Heptarchy speech has killed all influence he might have had in the debate. In fact, there are a number of people going about saying that Winston is much too clever and too shrewd to have made a mistake—that he made that speech with the deliberate idea of throwing ridicule on Home Rule, and thus making it impossible. He made one or two amusing hits. "Surely forty days is long enough in which to lecture people you are about to lynch." And, "Those who talk of revolution should be prepared for the guillotine."

Austen Chamberlain wound up the debate with one of the best efforts he has made. It was largely impromptu, for he answered his opponents in detail, and could not have been prepared for the points they took. "If the Bill is passed in the circumstances proposed, men would say: 'The law has no sanctity; it is not carried by constitutional means; it is a revolution carried by fraud; it cannot last.' You may do immeasurable damage, you may incur the guilt of blood, but your settlement will be no settlement, and your Bill will perish before it is a year old."

The House then divided, and the Government majority was under three figures—91 to be exact—at which the Unionists cheered; but it was a foregone conclusion—not a single man voted otherwise than he was expected to vote. There was only a small unexplained shortage in the Government majority.

Early in the year a lot of people made a lot of money by gambling in Marconi shares on a rumour that the Government intended to give them a splendid order. Some lost money—and rumour began to fly about that people in high position had been making money in consequence of the knowledge they possessed. It was all nonsense. Happily for the country our public men on all sides are free from that kind of thing. There have

been many Members who were poor men, and who could have made huge sums by using knowledge they possessed, but there is no instance on record of their having succumbed to that form of temptation. The Government showed a pardonable eagerness to allow the Opposition to walk into this pitfall, but the majority of the House showed they did not believe it by carefully staying away. On the other hand Sir Harry Norman—once a pet of the Radical Whips—made a very good case out for inquiry. It really did appear to be a bad bargain for the country—over-generous to the Company and unfair to other investors. George Terrell, a popular Wiltshire member, who does not speak half enough, bluntly declared it "was enough to ruin the reputation of any Government. The P.M.G. should have been warned by the tremendous rise in the shares—3s. to £9—but as a matter of fact, like all the other Ministers, he was too busy devising vote-catching schemes instead of attending to his department." Lansbury, who plays the gawky innocent, contrived to pour oil on the troubled flames by repeating what "he did not believe, and then wanting to know"—which brought Lloyd George to his feet.

Lansbury hoped there would be no shirking on the part of the Committee who were to examine the matter. Lloyd George heatedly replied: "I hope there will be no shirking on the part of the accusers," whereupon Lansbury blandly observed that "the irritation on the Treasury bench this afternoon was not a nice sign at all."

Rufus Isaacs—who had somewhat indiscreetly telegraphed to his brother, the manager of the Marconi Company, wishing them success—made a speech like an affidavit of documents—it was so comprehensive in its denials—whilst Herbert Samuel gave a whole history of the transaction from start to finish. "He was profoundly relieved that the matter was going to be inquired into."

He cleared up in a straightforward way much that had not been clear, and the resolution to appoint a Committee was agreed to at a quarter to five. The rival Peckham's then proceeded to discuss the Protection of Dogs Bill, but after so strenuous a week Members were not in a mood to stand this and the House was counted out at 4.56 p.m.

On Thursday the debate on the closure was a general one on the considered amendment of the Opposition. On Monday we came down to details and discussed amendments to the time-table. Bonar Law put the case in a nutshell: "This Government having in the Parliament Act destroyed one House, now refuse to allow discussion in the other." After the 11 o'clock rule had been suspended—the virtuous closing at 11 o'clock of which so much parade was made having become a farce—the House proceeded to discuss the amendments. Felix Cassel earnestly pleaded that the Report Stage might at least be left out of the closure until it was seen how the Bill had got on in Committee. It was the last chance we should get before the Bill became crystallised, as under the stupid and inelastic Parliament Act

it cannot be altered by a single comma when once it is through the House. Not a bit of it. Birrell was adamant. Hayes Fisher then fought hard for an unrestricted debate on the third reading. Hayes Fisher speaks far too seldom—his speech was quite an eye-opener to the younger Members, who do not remember the old days. Birrell gave way to the extent of two days, which Bonar Law scornfully denounced as ludicrously inadequate. He suggested that the Government might just as well put down a resolution: "That this Bill now becomes law."

Bob Cecil obtained a useful pledge that the Bill would not be taken on a Friday without the consent of the whole House—but the whole day and night were spent by the Opposition in a fruitless attempt to get reasonable discussion for the measure. The object of the Opposition, said Bonar Law frankly, is to destroy the Bill by criticism—but the Government were frightened of intelligent criticism and dare not permit it. A very dull ding-dong fight went on until past 4 a.m., when a sleepy House dispersed in the raw fog. Weight of numbers had defeated the Opposition, but the tactics of the Government are strengthening the reasonableness of the Opposition in Ulster.

On Tuesday there were two slight breezes at question time. One was about a lady who had been wrongfully arrested in Scotland, her conviction quashed, and yet not compensated. McKinnon Wood endured a shower of questions from all sides of the House, and finally the Speaker had to come to his rescue and stop what was developing into a heated debate on the conduct of the Government.

The other question was addressed to Lloyd George. Had the Prime Minister received a communication from the Belfast Chamber of Commerce, formally announcing that they were preparing for organised resistance? The Chancellor acknowledged the receipt of the communication, but declared, in answer to William Moore, that it contained matters of opinion and not of fact. "Do you believe it, or don't you?" demanded Moore several times. The Chancellor fenced. "I believed it to be a matter of opinion that the Belfast Chamber of Commerce think so," said the wily one, which was an obvious subterfuge.

The correctness of our expostulations on Monday until the small hours was proved on Tuesday, when the machinery of the gag came into force. The whole debate became mechanical. There being no reason for silence, Radical members below the gangway were unmuzzled, and chattered to while away the time and still further restrict criticism. At 7.30 and 10.30 the guillotine fell, and hundreds of carefully drawn and important amendments were butchered and dropped into the waste-paper basket.

At 10.30 there was an exciting scene over the secret commission on land. Rawlinson wanted to know if the landlords were to have any opportunity of defending themselves from the insidious inquiries, whilst Mildmay, a model landlord in the West of England, passionately denounced such un-English conduct. Lloyd George

defended himself with equal vigour, and Austen Chamberlain brought matters to a climax by asking if the names of the witnesses would be given. "Ah," screamed Lloyd George, "you want to retaliate! It is the game!" There were counter-yells of "Harcourt and De Forest!" and recriminations got worse and worse. Fortunately 11.15 struck, and the Speaker slipped out of the chair, or, I believe, blows would have been struck. As it was, the Chancellor of the Exchequer was booed as he left the Chamber.

This is the state to which a Radical Government have brought the Mother of Parliaments.

Notes and News

Miss Betham-Edwards has a new volume nearly ready with Messrs. Chapman and Hall, entitled "In French Africa." The book consists, as the sub-title indicates, of "Scenes and Memories."

Some time in October Mr. Murray will publish the complete collection of Mr. Henry Newbolt's work in verse, from 1897 to the present day. Besides the ordinary edition there will be an *édition de luxe*.

A course of lectures on "The Theory of Relativity" is being delivered by Dr. L. Silberstein (Lecturer in Natural Philosophy at the University of Rome) on Fridays, at 5 p.m., at the University of London.

Mr. Lacon Watson has written an unconventional volume of notes on a journey to America and Canada, which Mr. W. J. Ham-Smith will publish shortly. The title of the book is "A Conversational Tour in America."

Messrs. John Long announce for immediate publication a new book entitled "The Village Infidel," by C. E. Heanley, price 3s. 6d. net, and a new novel entitled "Queer Little Jane," by Curtis Yorke, author of "Dangerous Dorothy" and many other popular novels.

Later in this month Mr. Arthur Rackham's water-colours illustrating "Æsop's Fables" and some new drawings for "Peter Pan" will be shown in the Leicester Galleries, together with the collection of nearly 100 drawings by the late Phil May, formed by Lear J. Drew, Esq.

"The English Housewife in the 17th and 18th Centuries" provides Miss Rose Bradley with much attractive material for a book which Mr. Edward Arnold will publish next week. He will also have ready very soon a volume of short stories by Miss Anne Douglas Sedgwick, author of "Tante."

It will greatly aid the work of the secretaries if those who wish to take part in the memorial to the late Miss Rosa Morison will communicate with them forthwith.

Letters should be addressed to the Honorary Secretaries, Rosa Morison Memorial Committee, University College, London (Gower Street, W.C.).

Father Robert Hugh Benson has written a new novel entitled "Come Rack, Come Rope," which is being brought out immediately by Hutchinson and Co. In this book Monsignor Benson has turned to Tudor times, and has written a story round the life of Catholics and seminary priests in England during Elizabeth's reign.

Messrs. Seeley, Service and Co., Ltd., will shortly issue R. L. Stevenson's "Edinburgh" in two editions, ordinary, and an *édition de luxe* limited to 375 copies, each labelled and numbered. The illustrations, coloured, are by James Heron, and great care has been exercised in the printing and binding to produce a sumptuous setting for this well-known work.

Admirers of Mr. Max Beerbohm's versatile and facile pen will welcome "A Christmas Garland," promised by Mr. Heinemann for immediate publication. Mr. Heinemann has also in preparation a series of little manuals on French Artists of Our Day, written by prominent French critics. The first three to appear are on Courbet, Manet, and Puvis de Chavannes. Other volumes are to follow.

"My Balkan Tour," by Roy Trevor (published by Mr. John Lane), who was the first stranger to reach Cetinje in a motor-car, is especially interesting just now. By the courtesy of the Montenegrin Government Mr. Trevor was enabled thoroughly to traverse the little kingdom; and he gives a vivid picture of its history, its foreign policy, its natural advantages, and an intimate presentation of its monarch.

Mr. Stephen Reynolds has in the press, to be published by Messrs. Dent in a few days, "The Lower Deck," a work which throws much light upon the faults of the British Navy as affecting the men. Mr. Joseph Conrad has written a new book, "Twixt Land and Sea," which Messrs. Dent will publish shortly. It consists of three stories, each having its own specific characteristic, showing the author at his best.

Mr. Sterling MacKinlay is forming an operatic society which will meet for rehearsals on Wednesday evenings. Public performances will be given from time to time, and while, at first, only light opera will be undertaken, it is proposed later on to include excerpts from grand opera in the programmes. Rehearsals of Edward German's "Merrie England" will begin shortly. Application for membership should be made to the Secretary, 32, Baker Street, W.

Messrs. Crosby, Lockwood and Son announce that they have undertaken the publication of a new literary review, "The Blue Book," conducted by members of the University of Oxford, to be published every other month at the price of 1s. net. The idea of a substantial review giving expression to the Oxford view on matters of general interest has at last taken shape in a form that must attract University men. The review will

contain articles on current topics, essays, poetry, and fiction.

The Drama Society will present two new plays at Clavier Hall, Hanover Square, on Tuesday afternoon, October 29—"Contrasts," a one-act play by the ex-Censor, Mr. G. A. Redford, and "The Experimentalists," a comedy in three acts by Mr. Rathmell Wilson and Miss Muriel Hutchinson, in which Miss Rita Sponti will play the principal part. "Contrasts" will be produced by Mme. Marie Vantini, and "The Experimentalists" by Mr. Henry De Bray of the Théâtre Des Arts, Paris.

In view of the well-known fact in the retail trade that it is difficult for booksellers to make a livelihood out of selling books at the present terms on which they buy, Messrs. Stephen Swift and Co. have decided on a new departure, and will in future meet the trade in the matter by doing away with the odd copy and allowing a discount, which they think will leave a fair margin of profit. The majority of their books will be issued at net prices, and in the interests of the trade they trust that booksellers will not allow any discount to the public except on non-net books.

MOTORING

IT is satisfactory to note that one of the leading organs of the Motor Press—the *Autocar*—is drawing special attention to a question of the utmost importance to every motorist—namely, that of high hedges at cross-roads and dangerous corners. The danger attaching to the continued existence of these uncut hedges, in hiding other traffic from the view of the driver of a motor vehicle, is one which must be obvious, not only to the motorist, but to everybody. Why is it that so little has been done since the agitation for the compulsory cutting of these hedges was begun several years ago? There is a disposition in some quarters to blame the Road Board, which was formed for the express purpose of enhancing the convenience and safety of the road for all users; but, as the *Autocar* points out, it is quite unjust to do so. The Board has no power in the matter at all. The only compulsion that can be exercised under the present order of things is by the local authority, which can compel a landowner to cut his hedges if they damage the road by preventing the wind and the sun from drying it, or if they cause an obstruction in any carriage-way or cartway. Whether this latter clause can be construed to cover cases in which the uncut hedge obstructs the view of the driver of a motor or other vehicle is one which has apparently never been determined in the Courts, and it is rather a matter for surprise that neither the R.A.C. nor the A.A. and M.U. should have raised the point in a test case. However, as our contemporary remarks, the matter could be settled and the grievance removed once for all by the introduction into Parliament of a short Bill giving the local authorities the power to trim the hedges wherever desirable in the interests of public safety, whether the landowners liked it or not; and the Road Board should

have the power to move in cases where the local authorities proved too indifferent or apathetic to use the powers conferred upon them.

Many motorists, when disposing of their cars, either privately or to dealers, neglect to cancel the registration number and to remove the identification plates from the vehicles. Usually nothing happens, but on occasion the consequences of carelessness in this matter are decidedly inconvenient, to say the least. This was shown in a recent case, in which a well-known motorist, who sold his car in June last and neglected to remove the number-plate, was astonished to receive, on the 20th of last month, no fewer than four summonses—one for exceeding the limit, one for using fraudulent number-plates, one for using a fraudulent licence, and one for driving a car which was not registered. The trouble was really connected with the person to whom the motorist had sold his car months before, and who had been driving it with the old number-plate—a trade one. The case was heard at Brentford, and, to complicate matters still further, the police swore that the defendant was driving the car at the time it was stopped, and persisted in this statement even after being confronted with the actual driver, who admitted that he was the person "wanted." In the end, the defendant, being fortunately able to show an unquestionable alibi, was acquitted on all four charges, the police having to pay the costs of the case. It is quite easy, however, to imagine a different ending to the matter. An alibi, months after the date of the alleged offence, is sometimes a very difficult thing to prove, and the motorist in question must be considered fortunate in having been able to do so.

In the current issue of the *Motor* appears a sensational announcement to the effect that there is in existence in this country at the present time a vast plant manufacturing hundreds of thousands of gallons of an exceptionally high-grade motor spirit which is superior to petrol in every way—purer, possessing 15 per cent. more thermal energy, and more economical in use. Our contemporary foresees in this the possibility of the British motorist being, at an early date, absolutely independent of foreign motor spirit, although the estimated consumption in this country for next year is 80,000,000 gallons. The new spirit appears to be benzol, with the sulphur impurities practically eliminated in the process of distillation.

The mileages accomplished by the respective tyres concerned in the tyre test have now been published, subject to subsequent official confirmation by the committee of supervision. The totals are as follows:—Victor, 5,010 miles; Dunlop, 4,767½; Continental, 4,261; Michelin, 3,799. The entrants of the first-mentioned tyre are therefore entitled to congratulation on the notable success they have achieved. It is pointed out, moreover, that there is a question as to whether the Victor was really run to destruction. In the opinion of the members of the committee, including Earl Norbury, Viscount Deerhurst, Viscount Exmouth, Lord Tenterden, and Colonel Harrison Hogg, the tyre was

merely punctured by a stud stem, and, by the use of an internal gaiter, would have been quite capable of indefinite further service. The entrants decided, however, to accept the decision of the technical supervisor, and rest content with the record mileage actually accomplished.

R. B. H.

In the Temple of Mammon

The City Editor will be pleased to answer all financial queries by return of post if correspondents enclose a stamped addressed envelope. Such queries must be sent to the City Offices, 15, Copthall Avenue, E.C.

IT is not easy to see what will happen during the next few weeks, for we do not know the extent of the damage done by the panic last week. Brokers closed down accounts ruthlessly. Yet many must be anxiously awaiting the next pay day. I confess that I cannot understand why brokers do business with certain punters—men who have no money, open huge books, and if the market goes against them cannot pay, and do not even attempt to pay. As a rule they become abusive when the distracted broker asks for a cheque. But the position in London is very simple compared with that in Paris and Berlin. Here there has been a steadily growing "bull" account for many months past. Indeed, so serious is the position that under no circumstances could the Germans go to war. The whole nation would be ruined. The German banks do a huge business on the credit system. But their funds are locked up in quite unmarketable securities and they subsist upon credit. War destroys credit. Therefore, however much Germany might wish to assist her ally Austria in the present crisis, she has tied her own hands and is helpless. The position is so bad that it must make for peace.

In the meantime we shall get not only a Five per Cent. Bank Rate, but also some weeks of one at Six per Cent. That appears inevitable. If war destroys credit it also eats up cash, and with four or five of the nations of Europe engaged in cutting their own throats and those of their neighbours, it is idle to expect cheap money.

The promoters would appear to have lost heart. The Mackenzie and Mann offer of Income charge Bonds in the Canadian Northern met with no response. The Anglo-Argentine Tramways issue was no better received. Here there were various rumours going round that the City of Buenos Ayres had the right to cancel any of the concessions if they interfered with the traffic. Also there is an old claimant for the tramways concession. This sort of talk, though probably not serious, does not help a new issue. Birch Crisp was also asking for more money for his Anglo-Russian Trust. Perhaps his own shareholders will find the money. He is the hero of the hour—as, indeed, he deserves to be, for he handled the China Loan with great dexterity. When will he offer us the balance, and will he be able to keep the Chinese amiable? For he has the call on other loans under his agreement. The pig-headed behaviour of the Foreign Office has annoyed the City, and Sir Edward Grey, who knows nothing about Finance and very little about China, does not shine when heckled in the House. Poor man, he has his hands full these days.

FOREIGNERS are gradually recovering. Though why anyone but a "bear" full to repletion with profits should wish to buy Servians, Bulgarians, Greeks or Turks, I do not know. All must see much lower prices during the next few weeks. Austria and Italy will need more money, and will have to pay the Jews a high price for their accommodation. Pierpont Morgan is reported to have said that he

would lend ten millions for peace, but not one halfpenny for war. But the great banking houses on the Continent who have been preparing for the storm and collecting gold, will readily lend their gold to the fighters—and make vast profits out of the loans. The Paris gambler loves Tintos and buys his millions as greedily as Berlin buys Can. Pacs. Hence the slump in which "Rios" fell 15 points in a few days. At present prices they are cheap, for the price of copper will not fall, and the share, even if it only pays £4 a share, gives a nice yield with the chance that the end of the year dividend may be 50s. or even more.

HOME RAILS have hung their heads. But there is no "bull" account, and the dealers have merely marked down the price in order not to be compelled to take stock. Metropolitans have had their slump, and we may expect another upward move before Christmas. They say that the deal by which Great Western take over the line is practically completed. I do not understand the rise in South London, and do not believe the story that the Midland intend to acquire the line. Its trains could not get through the tunnels. The cheapest stock in the market is Great Central, as I have so often declared.

YANKEES can be bought with confidence. Kuhn Loeb have been buyers all the week. When the market in Berlin slumped this great banking house bought all the stock that was offered. Morgans also came in and took whatever Eries and Steels were offered. These big bankers do not mean to let the market fall. They know that the crops are magnificent. They know that the trade of the United States is not only good, but that it is better than it has been since the great panic. Therefore they buy. For North America is self-contained. It is now occupying the position held by Great Britain in 1870. We then kept out of war and made huge fortunes. The United States will do the same in the forthcoming war. She sees all the great wheat producing countries at war and she puts up the price of her own staple commodity. Serbia is one of her great competitors. The Servian is the pig-sticker for Europe. The U.S. will gladly supply his place—at a profit. No one can go wrong who buys Yankee Rails to-day. Unions may drop a few dollars, but they will see 200, and that before six months are out.

RUBBER does not interest anyone. The Malacca Report was very disappointing. Mr. Lyon promised quarterly dividends of 5s. a share. But he cannot pay even half this amount. No one ever expected that he could. Indeed, the company only pays its present dividend because it charges huge sums each year to capital account. There is no excuse for big companies doing this, and the sound plantations do not do it. Half a dozen small concerns have sent out reports, but none of them call for any comment. Kamuning, in spite of a larger yield, is obliged to reduce its dividend. Dangan is bad. It is little better than a gambling counter. Mr. Govett may understand quite well the intricacies of the Stock Exchange, but he should not dabble in rubber. His followers have lost the money in Danjans that they made in Zincs.

OIL shares slumped with emphasis, but they have recovered. The oil people have pluck. They have been buying Shells all the week and seemed quite delighted at the chance of picking up cheap stock. Urals have also been bought, and Red Seas are absorbed with equal gusto. The Baku report will be out in a few days, and they say it will be good. The price of oil is high, and the company has paid its debts. Mexican Eagles soon recovered their slump. I must say that I think oil shares a great gamble, but I admire the pluck of those who gamble in them. They are dismayed by no fall, however great. I hear that the Roumanian Consolidated are getting some wonderful oil at their Bana wells—nearly 40 per cent. of Benzene. This is phenomenal. I am glad Mr. Barnett is in luck—and so is the City, for he is popular, and clever.

MINES are hopeless. Paris seems to have sold all she had, and the market took them, being very short indeed.

The magnates are waiting for better days. I see no chance of any rise this year. None of the companies are doing more than mark time. The De Beers report was good, and though the price fell it soon picked up again. There is talk of a "bear" raid in this market. But I am most suspicious of the gentlemen who whisper that De Beers must fall. I suspect that they are eager buyers all the time. Nothing has been done in Rhodesians, and nothing is likely to be done this year. Those who hold must wait until the market moves, then get out quickly.

The MISCELLANEOUS MARKET has kept steady. Even Marconis did not fall much upon the abortive debate on the contract, which was cleverly turned into a debate on the honesty of the Ministers. The true question at issue is: Did the Postmaster make a good bargain? That was never discussed at all. The Commission will be a farce. The Telephone people are expecting to get £190 for deferred, and perhaps another £20 or £30 when the whole affair is settled. At present prices the Deferred look cheap. There is still buying of Electric Light shares, and at last the public realises that those securities are the cheapest things in the market.

RAYMOND RADCLIFFE.

CORRESPONDENCE

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—Mr. T. G. Martin's second letter makes clear his first, but he will forgive me if I say that it does not shorten a correspondence when gentlemen are compelled to write commentaries on their own epistles. The worst of the dealer in epigrams is that you are never quite sure of his meaning. You take the trouble to answer what you imagine he is trying to say, only to find him serenely explaining that he meant something quite different. It is not always the stupidity of the reader that is at fault. Carlyle said of "Sordello," as far as I remember, that he read it without discovering whether the subject was a man, a city, or a tree, and we have lately been told a story of how George Meredith, asked for an explanation of a line of one of his own poems, humorously declared that, as far as he remembered, when he wrote it, it meant something like this—it is unnecessary to explain what the "this" was. However, now that Mr. T. G. Martin has formed himself into a Martin Society and expounded his own meaning, will you permit me to explain the position, I tried to make clear, a little more fully?

When I first heard of Christian Science, I was not in the slightest degree interested in it. What I believed to be its methods were as repugnant to me as were what I imagined its aims. Gradually I got interested in it, and I was, I think, fair-minded enough to take the trouble to examine it before I talked about it. My early reading of "Science and Health" convinced me that Mrs. Eddy was saying something I did not clearly understand, though I might superficially reject her arguments. I determined, therefore, to test her teaching, in the only fair way, by attempting to demonstrate it for myself. For two years I read "Science and Health," and applied its reasoning, so far as I could, to all the phenomena of daily life. To me, the result was amazing. By accepting her premise of the allness of good and the existence of divine principle and law, I was able, not merely to overcome such physical troubles as came my way, but to prove the efficacy of spiritual law over material belief generally. At the end of two years I had accumulated a, to me, vast mass of evidence, all tending to prove the fact of spiritual causation, and all demonstrating the fact that inharmony, of whatever description, could be overcome by obedience to the law of divine principle.

Mr. Martin says, "what differentiates the Christian Scientist from ordinary people is that, in his eyes, the

reason why the man (the blind man) recovered is just as much a question of fact as his own recovery." I agree entirely with Mr. Martin, and I have given my own reasons for coming to that conclusion. If Mr. Martin will excuse me for saying so, the reason why an individual Christian Scientist arrives at a conclusion is very much better evidence of the reliability of that conclusion than the opinion of an outsider as to the train of reasoning in other people's minds. It is an *a priori* argument with a vengeance to form a conclusion by assuming you know how other people, whom you do not even know, worked out their conclusions on the subject at issue.

For two years before I called myself a Christian Scientist, and for very many years since, I have been daily proving that, by the acceptance of the postulate of the allness of good, of God, it is possible not only to heal sickness, but to heal sorrow and sin, and to overcome inharmony of every sort. During all those years I have accumulated an enormous amount of evidence which proves to me that the healing of sorrow, and sickness, and sin, and the overcoming of all inharmony is traceable to the fact of the existence of divine principle and spiritual law. I do not know if Mr. Martin knows a more scientific method of arriving at a conclusion, or if he thinks that it is unscientific to regard, on this basis, the reason why a man is healed as just as much a question of fact as his recovery.

If I may be permitted to sum up the conclusion for myself, it is this—that, when I hear what Lord Beaconsfield might have termed the hare-brained chatter of irresponsible criticism (let me specifically state I am not alluding to Mr. Martin or any particular individual) from gentlemen on platforms and in newspapers, who know rather less about Christian Science than they do of higher mathematics or the composition of ether, even when I read the reasoned criticisms of those who have spent some time in thinking out Mrs. Eddy's teaching more logically and with greater fairness, I am left in the position of the apostle to the Gentiles, when he wrote, "none of these things move me."—Yours truly, FREDERICK DIXON.

Amberley House, Norfolk Street, Strand, W.C.

October 11, 1912.

"TACITAE" AND "SILENTIA" IN AENEID 2.55.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

On page 53 of "P. Vergili Maronis Aeneidos Lib. II" Edited by T. E. Page, M.A. (Macmillan and Co., 1911), the line 255 of Aeneid II, "a Tenedo tacitae per amica silentia lunae," is explained as follows:—"tacitae . . . 'through the friendly silence of the peaceful moon.' This phrase seems rather beautiful than appropriate: Virgil however chooses to dwell on the 'light' and 'calm' as making the passage of the Greeks easy and to ignore the danger which usually attends an attack in peaceful moonlight." It seems rather more probable that Vergil's "tacitae" in this line is both beautiful and appropriate, and to be explained like the famous verse of his pupil, Dante, "la dove il sol tacè," where "tace" means "gives no sign, is silent by withholding light." The "silence" or "hiding" of the moonlight was the proof that Juno was friendly to the Danaï, and connived at their arriving undetected by the Trojans. Did not Vergil indeed use it as a play upon the Greek word for "silence," *σιγή*, suggested by "Sigea igni freta lata relucens," in line 312, words describing the result of their protected passage of those straits? If the moon had been shining, there would have been no need for the "flammas" in the line 256, in which stress is laid on the fact that the fleet was seeking a shore which had long been familiar to the Danaï, and which it was, therefore, easy for them to attain without the moon's help. What light do the best commentators throw on this passage?

EDWARD S. DODGSON.

9, Kingston Road, Oxford.

THE SOCIETY OF THE THEATRE.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—In your issue of September 28 Mr. Darrell Figgis, writing on Mr. Barker's production of the "Winter's Tale," holds forth with great energy on the "intrusion of the artist in the Theatre," which he regards as "one of the most considerable evils that the dramatist has now to face." He winds up his attack on the "artist" (we take him to mean the painter) with the following sentence on Mr. Craig:—"In the person of Mr. Craig, he (i.e., the artist) has declared that in the end he will turn out the dramatist and reign supreme with his moving pictures."

The statement rests on a total misapprehension of Mr. Craig's aims. As a matter of fact, Mr. Craig, born in the theatre, and of the very life of the theatre, has been compelled to resort to paper for the sole reason that he lacks a theatre of his own where he could realise his ideas, so that his drawings are merely a makeshift for preserving these visions, which for the present he cannot stage, and which he does not wish to lose. Surely it is a cruel satire on the times—all the more cruel because unconscious—that a theatre-artist so centrally associated with the innermost life of the theatre as Mr. Craig, should be mistaken for an "artist" "intruding" into the theatre.

We cannot stop to discuss Mr. Craig's idea of the theatre with Mr. Figgis in this place; at any rate the sentence we quote above conveys a totally wrong impression of the subject; and surely a critic like Mr. Figgis, writing in a paper of such standing as THE ACADEMY, owes it to himself to procure some exact information on the subject, which is set down in the plainest black and white, and is obtainable at the nearest bookshop, before sending out statements which are bound to be misleading. I am, yours faithfully,

H. SLONIMSKY, Secretary.

Adelphi Chambers, 7, John Street, W.C.

October 8, 1912.

Sir,—In reply to Mr. Slonimsky's courteous letter, I can assure him that I have given the matter some considerable thought and that I am not without evidence in "the plainest black and white." But may I first say that Mr. Slonimsky would have been wiser had he read my article carefully before coming to its attack? It is always as well to assume that the other man is not without his degree of ordinary thought. He speaks of my "attack on the artist," and adds, "we take him to mean the painter." Now I quite distinctly said, alluding to a certain type of decorative artist, that he had lost the power to work conviction on canvas, and that he was therefore turning to the stage to work his pictures there at the expense of the dramatists: taking the dramatist's stuff as the basis on which to produce his picturesque effects. It encrusts, in my judgment, the dramatists' vitality of conception with certain effects (baroque and fantastic in the play under question) that are foreign to it, and whose enforcement must therefore be prejudicial and inimical to it. Its continued enforcement, by reason of the continued "intrusion of the artist in the Theatre," can only mean that the dramatist will in the end be turned out and the artist continue to "reign supreme with his moving pictures."

That was my argument; and I said that Mr. Gordon Craig was the one artist who had the strength of mind to see it, and the courage to say it. For this Mr. Slonimsky takes me to book. Very well, then, to book I will go. What does he make of the following note on a design for the first scene of the first act of Hamlet, taken from Mr. Gordon Craig's catalogue for his last exhibition at the Leicester Galleries? Mr. Craig says: "Although this is for 'Hamlet,' it belongs more to Shakespeare than to the theatre. We shall reach to Shakespeare some day. Then we shall at the same time reach our ideal—and so the

Theatre! That will make Shakespeare, alas, superfluous. In this way the great poet is the truest of our friends."

Sufficiently bland, is it not? And illuminating, too, I suggest. In fact, the whole of the argument for what Mr. Craig calls the Uber-Marionette in his book "On the Art of the Theatre," only means the same thing, less explicitly said, as any reader can discover by reading. Mr. Craig may retort on me that he with his "moving pictures" (by Uber-Marionette and design in costume and scenery) is the true dramatist, and that Shakespeare (and Æschylus and Sophocles and other artists in words) is the pseudo-dramatist. He has, in fact, hinted so much in passages I could quote did space permit. I submit that that is the first logical fallacy. But, in any case, it substantiates the point I made in my article. Yours faithfully,

DARRELL FIGGIS.

A POINT OF GRAMMAR.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—Mr. Martin has taken me to task for saying some "extraordinary" things in my last letter. On examining these things more closely, he may possibly see that they are not such "extraordinary" things after all.

Every schoolboy knows the rule, "Conjunctions connect the same cases of nouns and pronouns which have the same bearing or relation with regard to other parts of the sentence." This is substantially the same rule that I gave last week, overlooking, of course, the printer's error.

In the sentence, "I never knew such a coward as him," "him" and "coward," connected by the co-ordinating conjunction "as," and having the same bearing or relation with regard to the other parts of the sentence, should be in the same case (obj.); whereas in the sentence, "I never knew such a coward as he," "as" is a subordinating conjunction, and "as he" is equivalent to "as he is." It is felt that "as he" requires defence, which "as him" does not. Consequently I regard "as he" as unpardonable, since it is not in accordance with strict usage. Again, (a) "I gave you more than he" means something different from (b) "I gave you more than him." In (a) "he" is compared with "I," therefore "he" and "I" are in the same case. In (b) "him" and "you" are compared. I submit the following sentence for Mr. Martin's consideration, and I trust that he will at least show a little respect for "him." "I beheld a man in the dress of a postillion, whom I instantly recognised as he [him] to whom I had rendered assistance." Mr. Martin wishes to know, Would it be pardonable to add "am" or "was" or "shall be" to "She is not as big as I." "I" and "she" are compared, and, since "she" is nominative, "I" also must be.

She is not as big as I (am). (Complete.)

She is not as big as I (was). (When?)

She is not as big as I (shall be). (When?)

Is Mr. Martin really serious?

I would refer Mr. Martin to Lindley Murray's "Grammar," Mr. Fowler's "King's English," and to the late Dr. Hodgson's "Errors in English"; the last-mentioned having supplied me with my four typical examples, which are not so irrelevant as Mr. Martin seems to think.

The sentence, which Mr. Martin considers as Bengal "English," is taken from Jane Austen's "Emma."

But, then, who was Jane Austen?

J. McLAUGHLIN.

Salford, October 12, 1912.

"THE DICTIONARY OF NATIONAL BIOGRAPHY."

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—It would be interesting to know on what principle space is allotted to the subjects of biographies in "The Dictionary of National Biography."

In the new volume of the Supplement I see that the great scholar, Jeff, the Master of Charterhouse, gets a



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column and a half, while Nelly Farren and Dan Leno get three columns each.

In a previous volume Fred Archer, the jockey, got a column and a half, and when it was suggested to the Editor that John Duncan, one of the most eminent of Edinburgh surgeons, who on his death was accorded a whole column in the *Scotsman*, should be included in the "Dictionary," the answer came to the suggestion: "I have consulted the surgeon on our staff respecting the claim of Mr. John Duncan to a notice in the 'Dictionary,' and he writes that in his opinion it is not necessary to include a memoir of him." Yet in the volume where Duncan should have appeared there were three columns devoted to a notorious quack doctor!

Omissions of the names of important men in the "Dictionary" are innumerable. One only shall I call attention to—that of the Rev. Alexander Cameron of Brodrick, one of the greatest of modern Celtic scholars. *Ex uno, etc.* I am, etc.,

Edinburgh.

SCOTUS.

BOOKS RECEIVED

Epochs of Chinese and Japanese Art: An Outline History of East Asiatic Design. By Ernest F. Fenollosa. Illustrated, 2 vols. (Wm. Heinemann. 36s. net.)

The Enthusiasts of Port-Royal. By Lilian Rea. Illustrated. (Methuen and Co. 10s. 6d. net.)

PERIODICALS.

Literary Digest, N.Y.; *The Bibelot*; *The Welldoer*; *Ulula*; *The Autograph*; *Palestine Exploration Fund Quarterly Statement*, Oct. 1812; *Bird Notes and News*; *The Women's Industrial News*; *The Bleu*

Book; *Revue Critique d'Histoire et de Littérature*; *Revue Bleue*; *Publishers' Circular*; *Bookseller*; *Peru To-day*; *The Bookfellow*, Sydney; *Wednesday Review*, Trichinopoly; *The Collegian*, Calcutta; *St. George's Magazine*; *Men's League for Women's Suffrage*; *United Empire*; *Cambridge University Reporter*.

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